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ORIGINAL POEMS

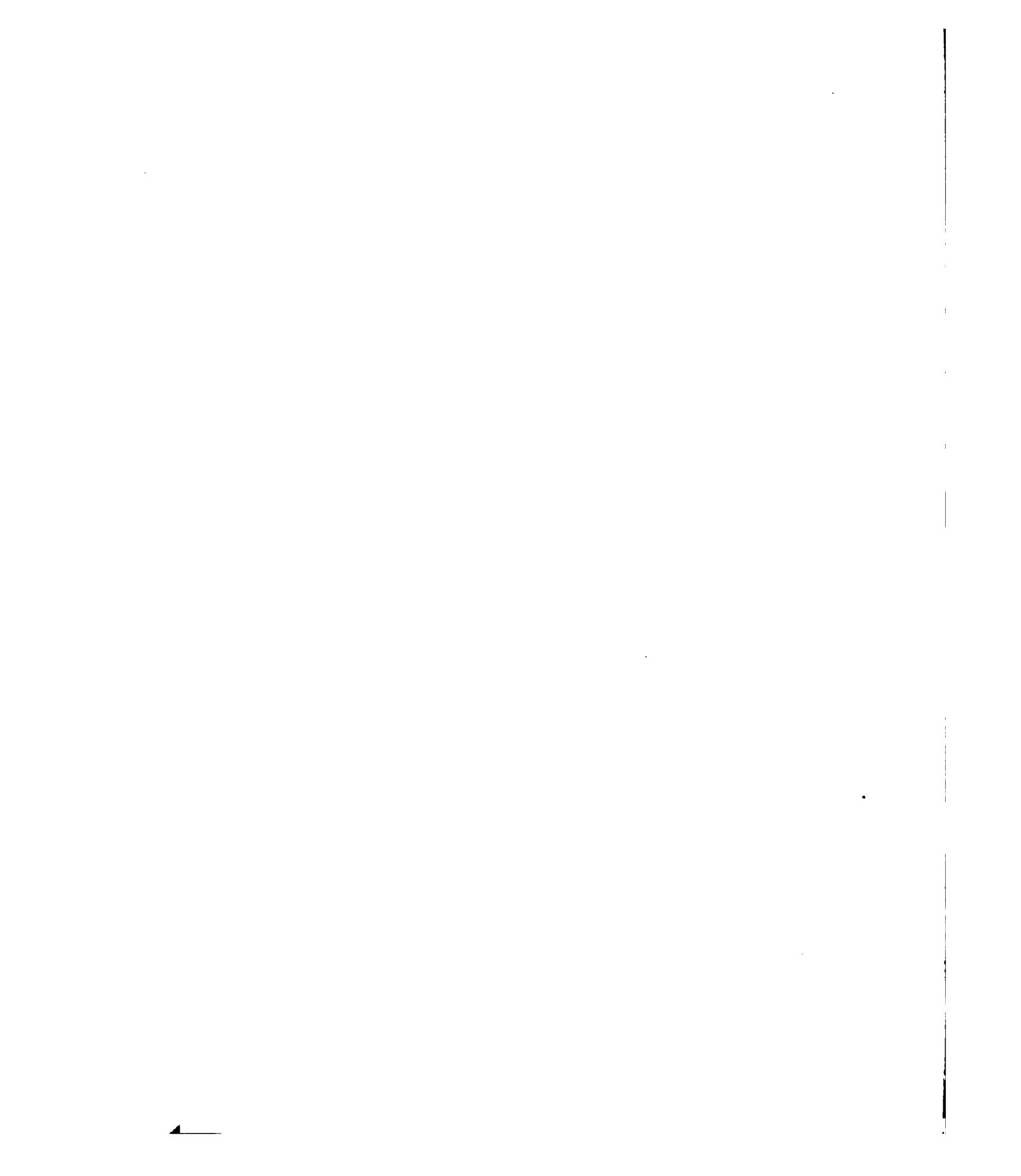
MOME
THOUGHTS
AND MOME
SCENES

AND PICTURES

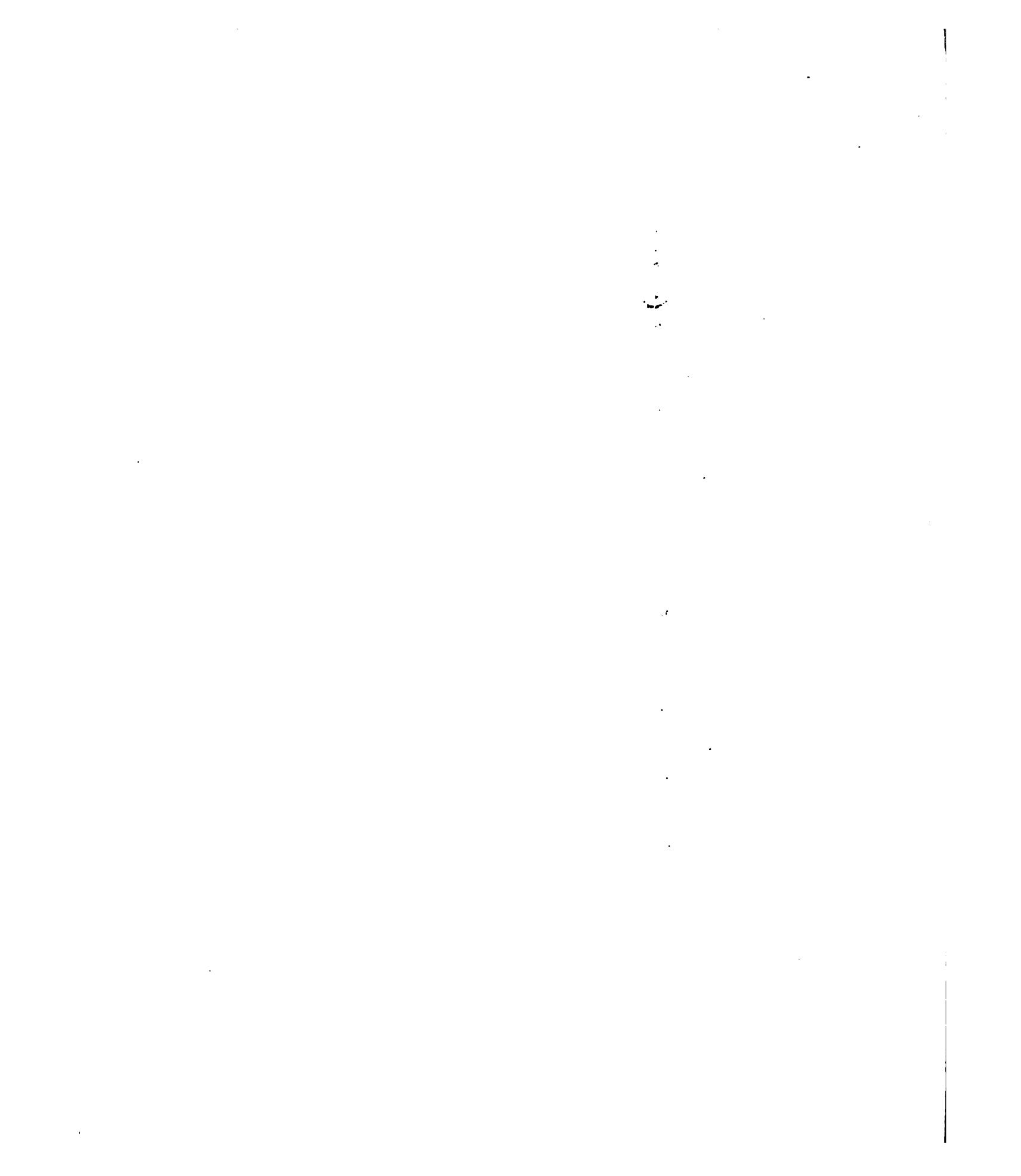


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HOME THOUGHTS
AND
HOME SCENES.



HOME THOUGHTS
AND
HOME SCENES.

IN
ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

JEAN INGELOW

THE HON. MRS. NORTON

DORA GREENWELL

AMELIA B. EDWARDS

MRS. TOM TAYLOR

JENNETH HUMPHREYS

AND THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GENTLEMAN."

AND

PICTURES

BY

A. B. HOUGHTON,

ENGRAVED BY

THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

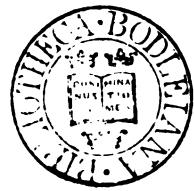
LONDON:

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE.

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXV.

280. 1 /



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IN preparing for publication this series of Pictures of Home Scenes, it has been felt that the theme chosen was certain to excite wide and general interest.

The children's little world of cloud and sunshine is, and always will be, sure to awaken near and living memories, even in the minds of the oldest. How well Mr. HOUGHTON has accomplished the task committed to his care, and how vividly pourtrayed these tenderest of human sympathies, his Pictures abundantly testify.

In the literary portion of the work, the lady authors, no less than the artist, have been animated by the spirit expressed in Schiller's beautiful line,

“ There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.”

To authors and artist alike are earnestly proffered the best thanks of

DALZIEL BROTHERS.

Camden Press, London.

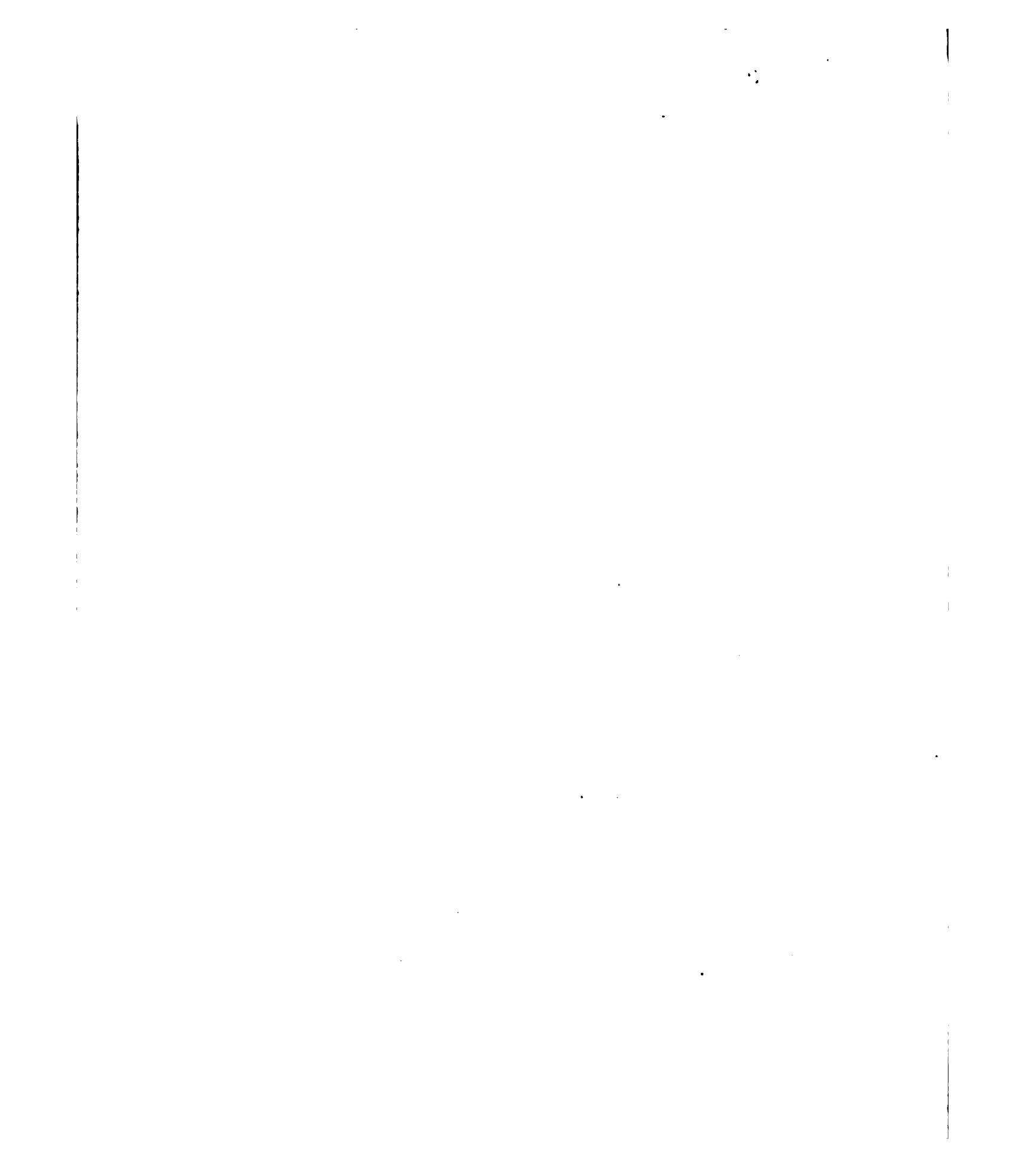


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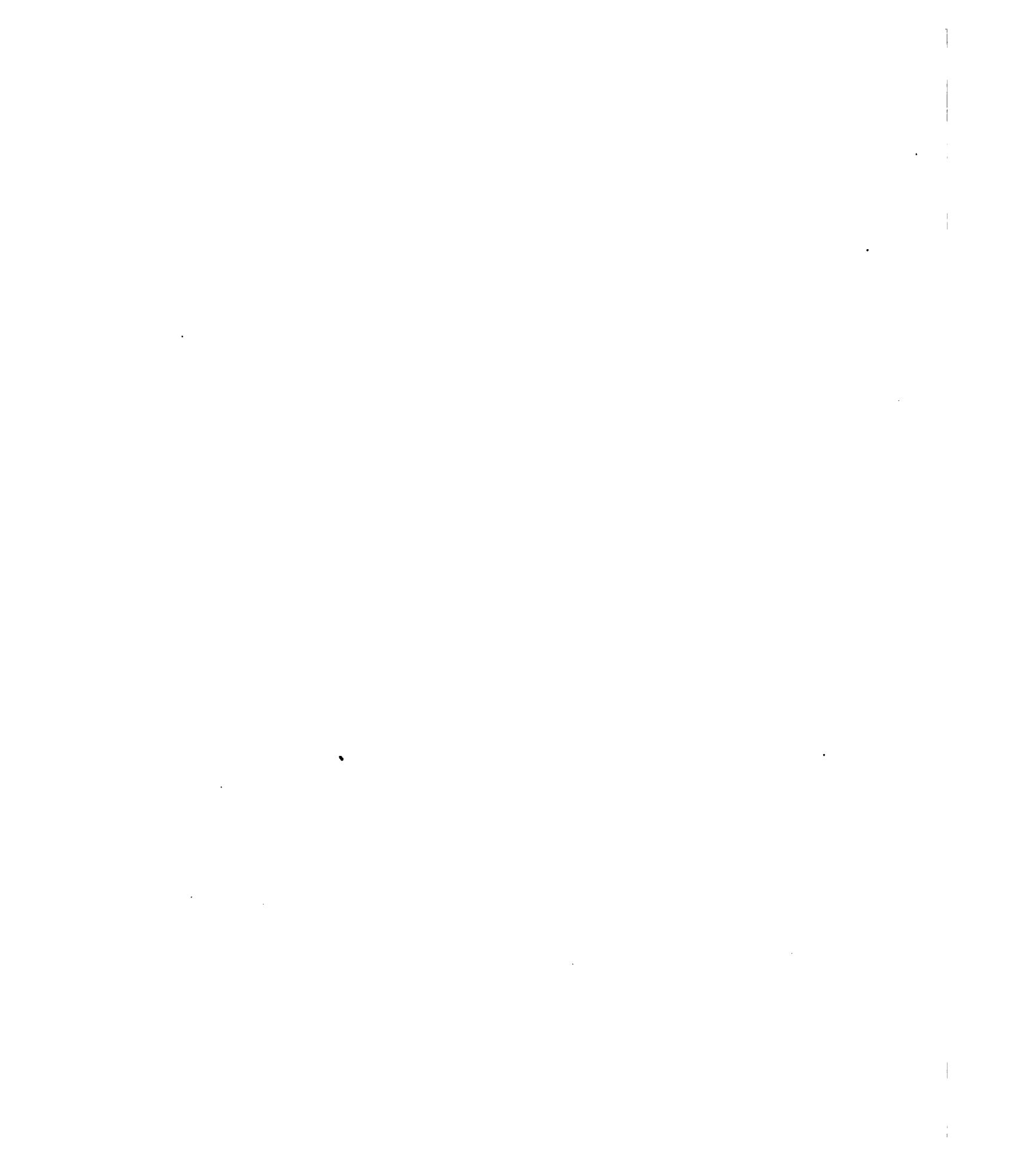
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THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

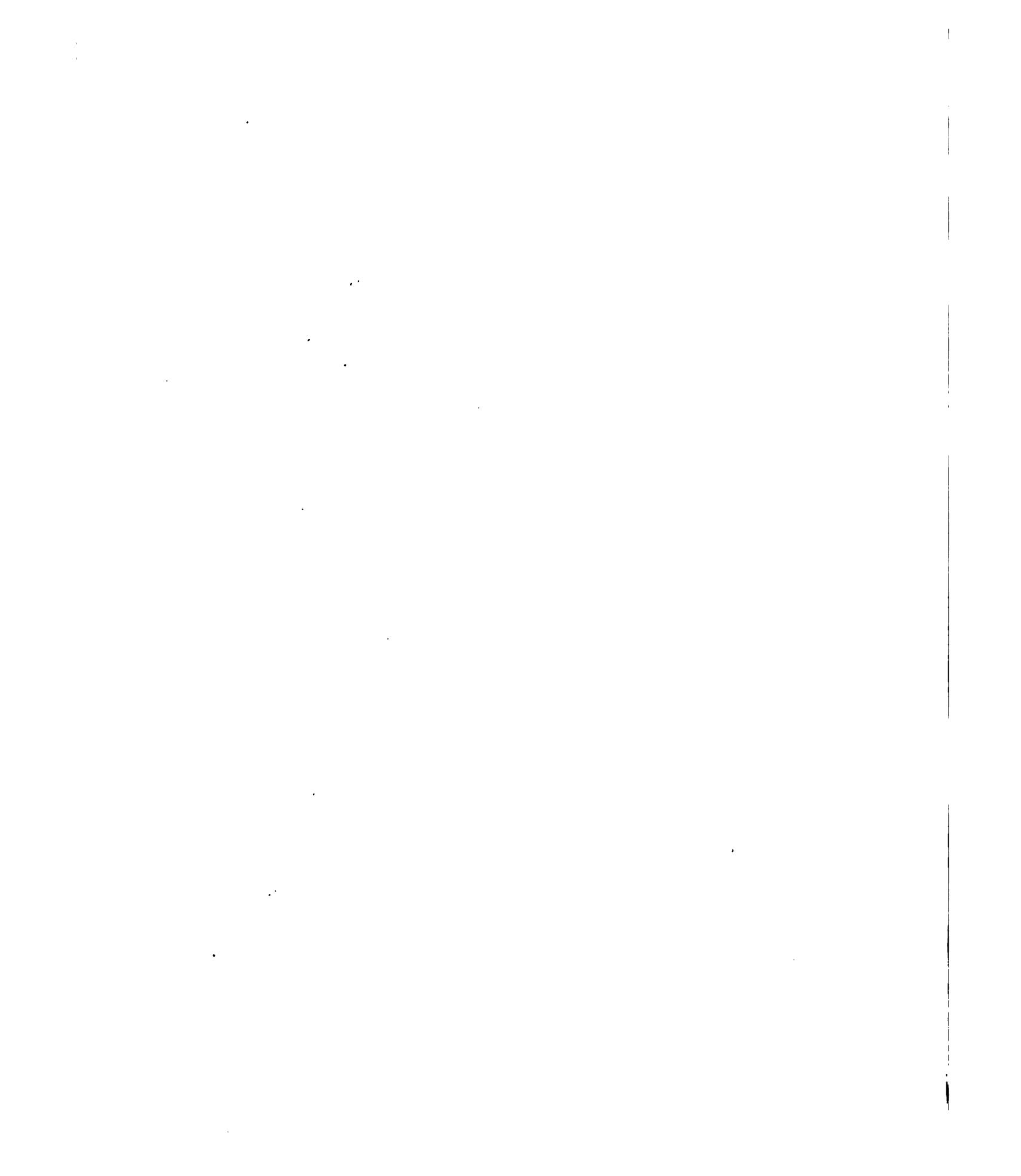
WHEN I hear the waters fretting,
 When I see the chestnut letting
 All her lovely blossom falter down, I think, "Alas the day!"
 Once, with magical sweet singing,
 Blackbirds set the woodland ringing
 That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

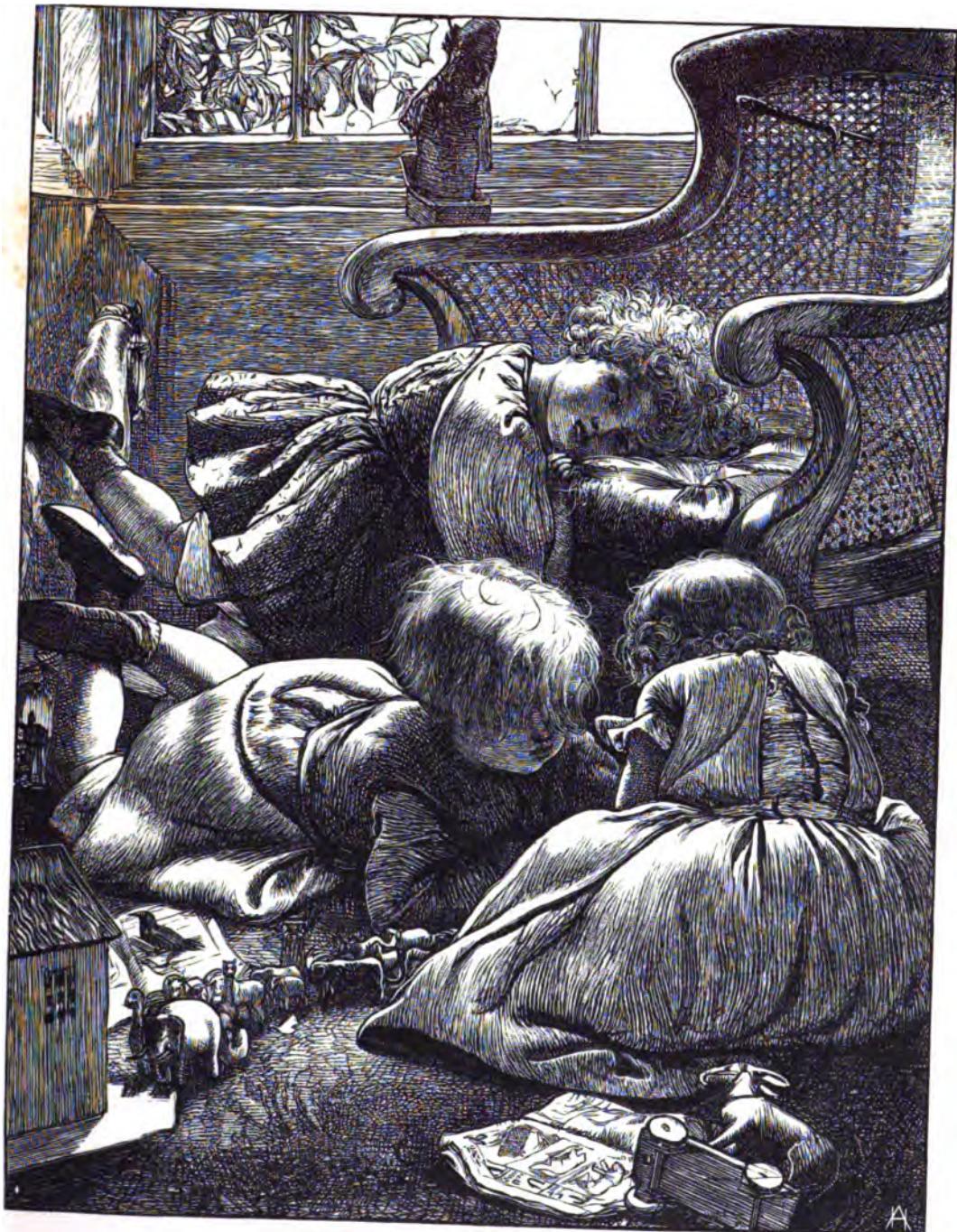
In our hearts fair hope lay smiling
 Sweet as air, and all beguiling ;
 And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell ;
 And we talked of joy and splendour
 That the years unborn would render—
 And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well.

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming
 April 's here and summer 's coming ;
 Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy ;
 Think on us in alleys shady
 When you step a graceful lady ;
 For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

" Laugh and play, O lisping waters,
 Lull our downy sons and daughters.
 Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy.
 When they wake we'll end the measure
 With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
 And a 'Hey down derry, let 's be merry, little girl and boy !'"

Jean Ingelow.





II.

N O A H ' S . A R K .

MANY a story told,
Earth ! thy tale survives ;
In a quiet fold,
Leading happy lives,
Dwell this old world's old
Fathers with their wives.

From the tight packed box,
O'er the carpet spread,
Oh, what peaceful flocks
In the fire-light red
Wander, from rude shocks
Duly shepherded.

Loved with equal love,
Prized with equal care,
Raven, then, and Dove ;
But the dearest there
Are still the spotted Ladybird
And the springing Grasshopper.

Now does childish play
That sweet tale rehearse
Told by Prophet grey,
Sung in Sibyl's verse,
Of a Coming Day,
Of a vanquish'd curse.

See the Cow and Bear
Together dwell and feed,
Ox and Lion there
In sweet peace agreed ;
Wolf and Lamb one pasture share,
With a little Child to lead.

Dora Greenwell.





III.

AT THE SWEETS.

Ah, yes ! All the sweets at once !
At once ! at once !
Little ones ! I am no such grey-hair'd dunce,
But I can understand ye !

Ah, yes ! the cloying chase all join !
All join ! all join !
Jam, ginger, honey, comfits, *macedoine* !
And letting naught withstand ye !

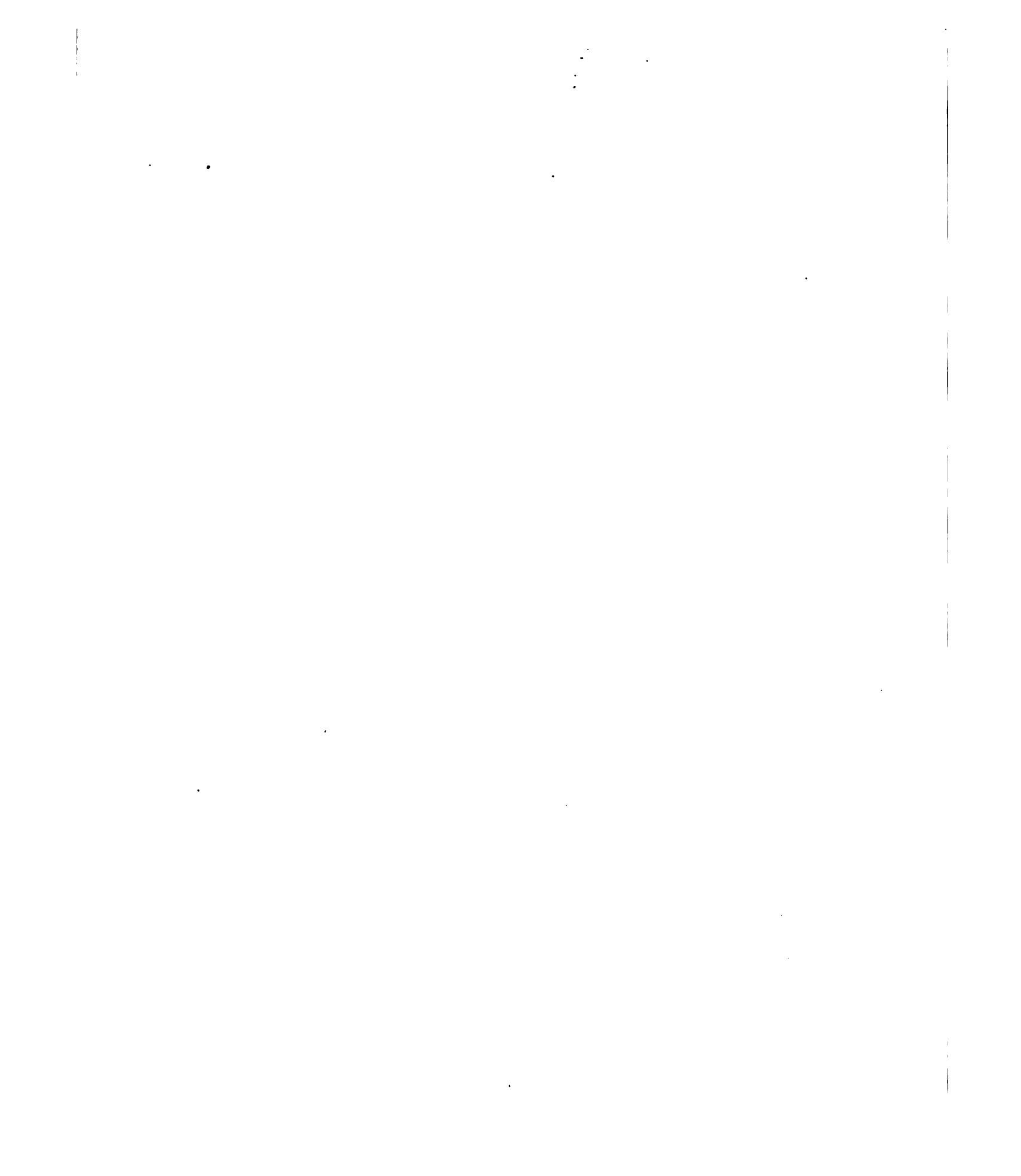
Ah, yes ! Fill your hands quite full !
Quite full ! quite full !
Tear down the vine whilst there are grapes to pull,
Not heeding it will brand ye !

Ah, yes ! No time of course to wait !
To wait ! to wait !
Ye could not cease and fight against your fate,
If I should now command ye !

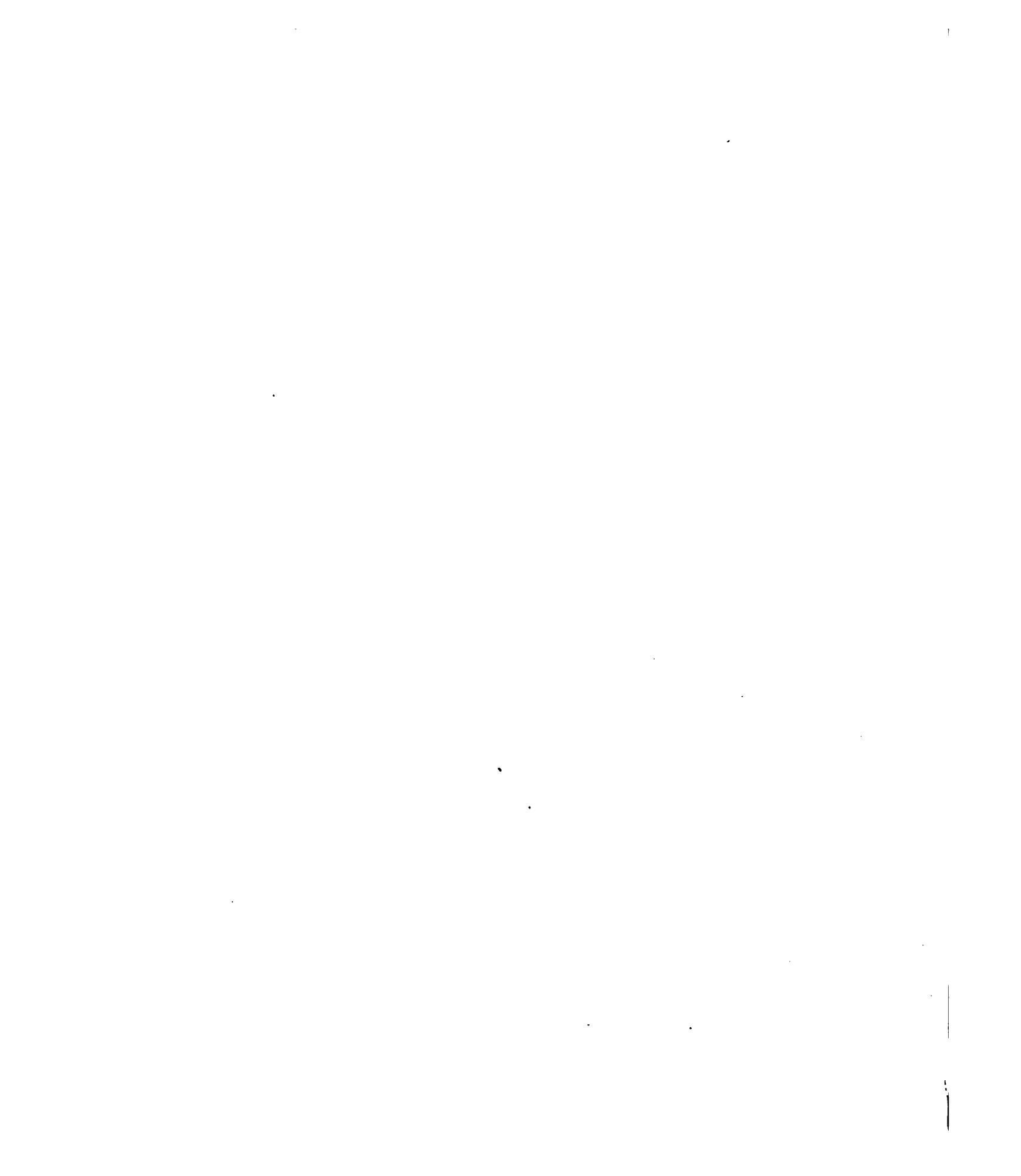
Ah, yes ! 'T is even so with all !
With all ! with all !
Tried I to cross the stream in which ye fall,
In vain ! I could not land ye !

Ah, yes ! Ye are not the first !
The first ! the first !
For sweets to surfeit we are all athirst !
Aye ! I can understand ye !

Jennett Humphries.







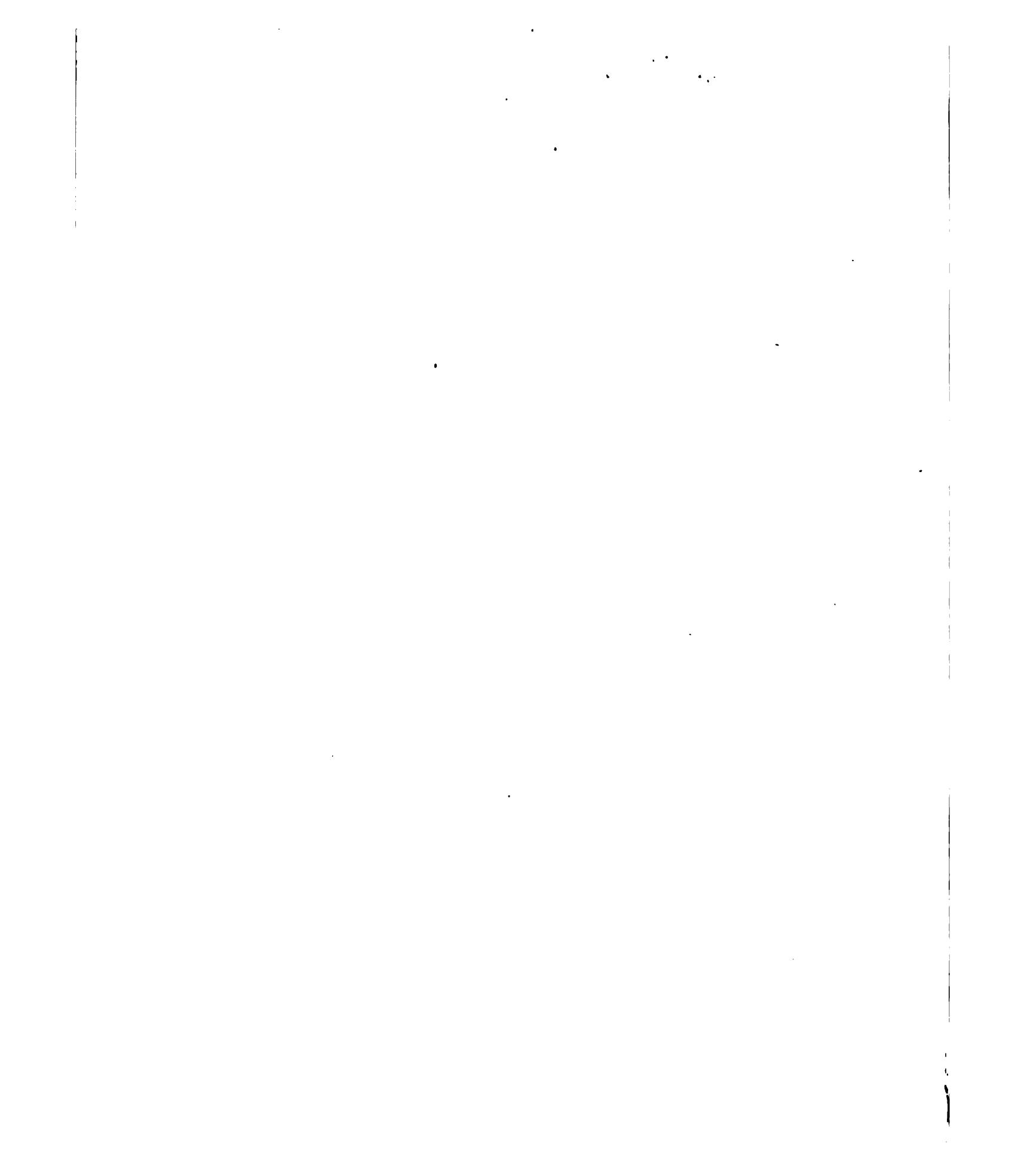
CHILD AMONG THE ROCKS.

UNDERNEATH thy feet are rocks, and o'er thee
 Hang the heavy cliffs, and still before thee
 Ocean stretches till it meets the sky ;
 Seest thou the white sea-birds rising, falling
 On the breakers ? Hearrest thou the calling
 Of the winds that wail and hurry by ?

Dost thou watch the ships slow sailing ? Nearer
 Lies thy world, oh young Columbus ! Dearer
 Than each far-sought prize ;
 Rich in joy—in wonder still unfailing,
 Star, and shell, and glistening sea-weed trailing
 In the little pool that nearest lies.

Childhood's realm is rich, yet straitly bounded,
 Like a vale by giant hills surrounded ;
 Lies it ever hidden, safe and sweet,
 Warm 'mid sheltering rocks that guard and love it,
 Heaven around, within it, and above it,
 Heaven beneath its feet !

Dora Greenwell.





HIDE AND SEEK IN THE WOOD.

HIDE, hide, hide! under the great oak tree,
Little Mary and Isabel—Tom, and Willie, and me;
And Baby, grave as a judge, and still as a honey-sucking bee.

Peep, peep, peep! but let not a sound be heard,
Except the buzz of flies in the leaves, or the flutter of startled bird:—
They'd find us out in a minute if anybody stirred.

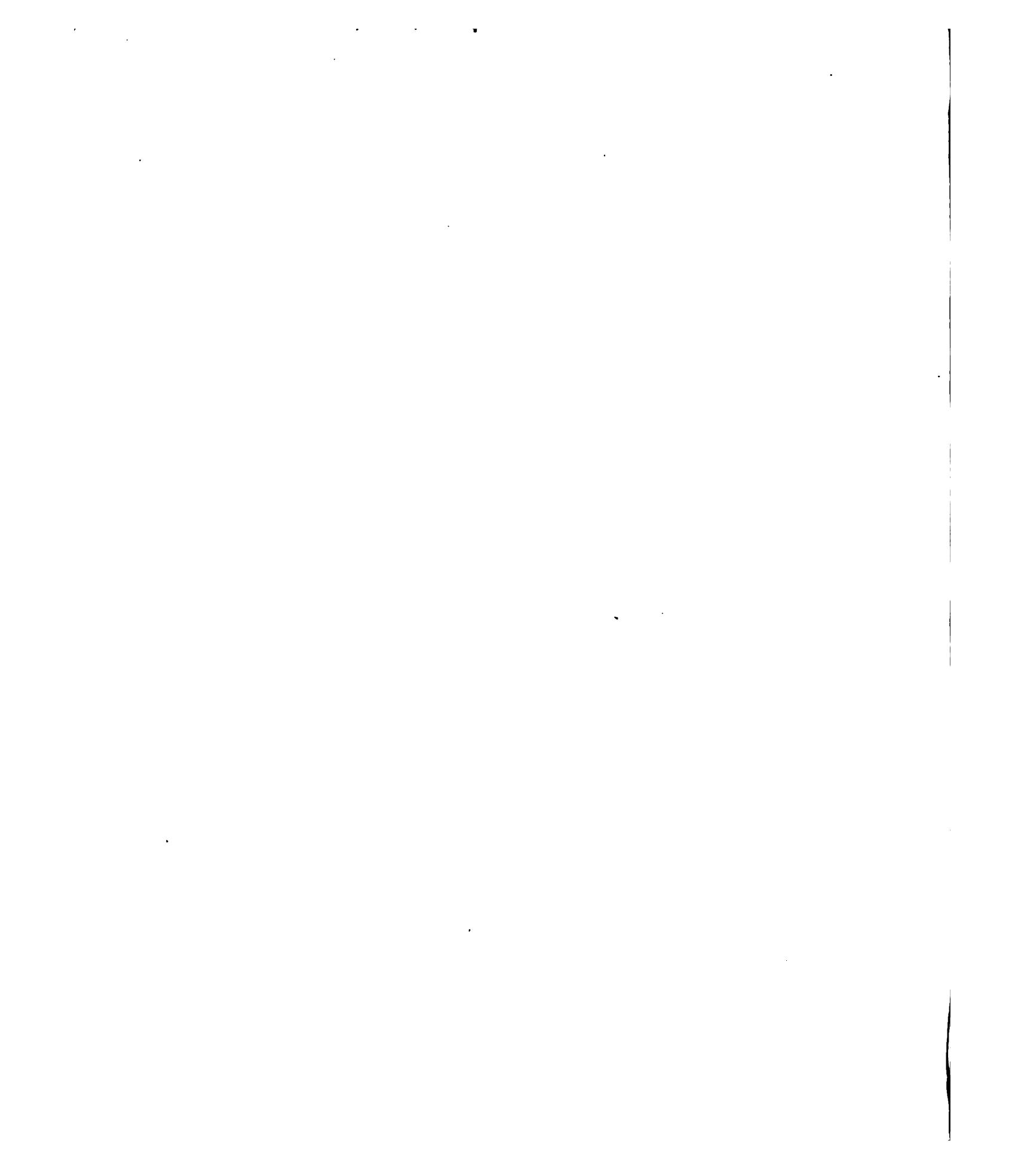
Hush, hush, hush! they are seeking us everywhere;
And Tray *will* wag his wicked old tail, and leap up high in the air:—
If you don't lie down, like a good dumb dog, I will shoot you, I declare!

No, no, no! for you love us all, poor Tray!
And you can't understand our hiding—you think it is only play:
If ever I did you harm, my dog, I should rue it many a day!

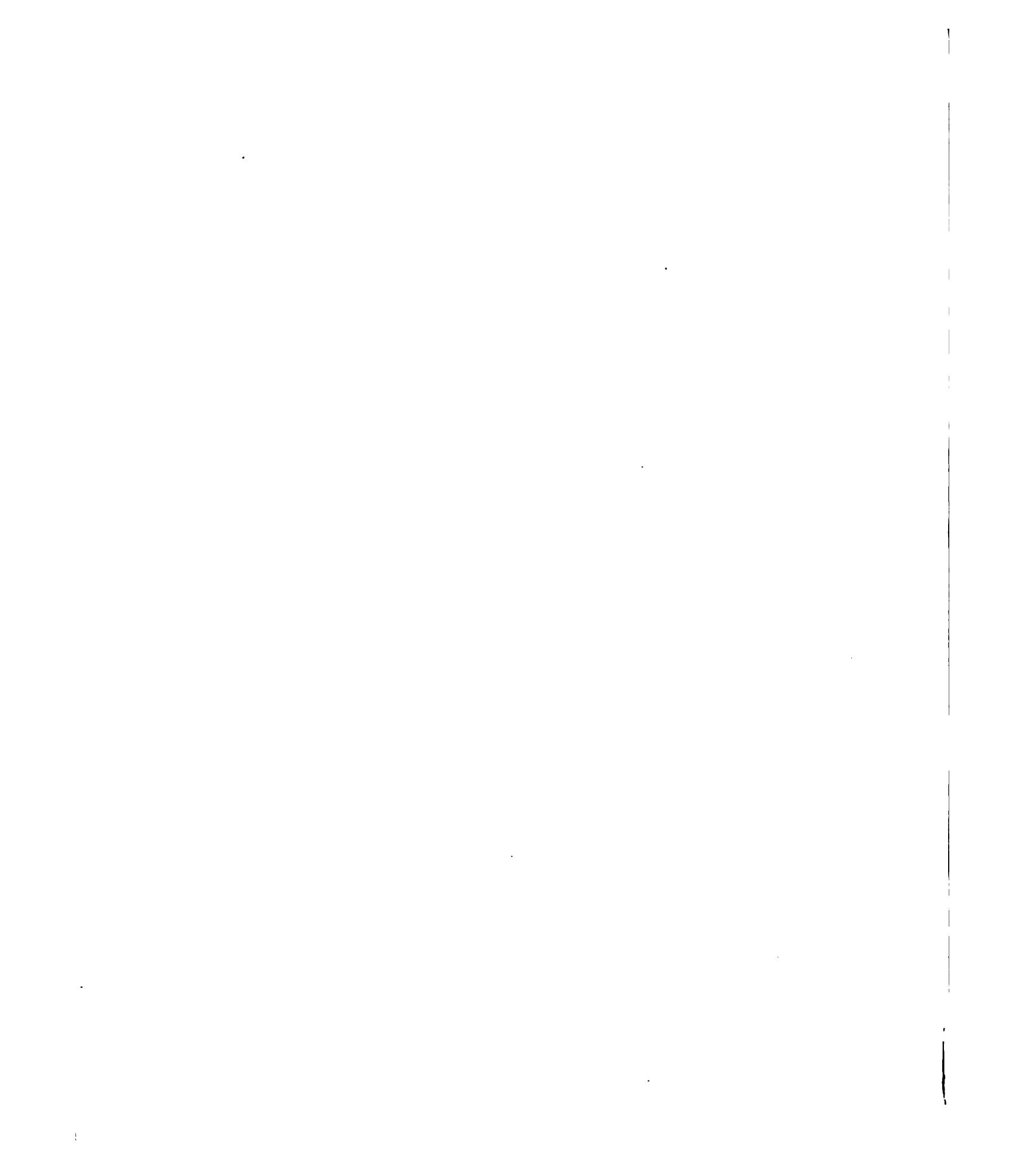
Down, down, down! where the long grass hides us well.
How Will creeps round the bough like a snake—or King Charles, at
Boscobel!
Oh, Willie, man! hold firm, hold tight—think of mother if you fell!

Hide, hide, hide! creep lower, close to the ground.
Tom, pull Tray into the hollow tree, and—There they come with a bound,
All six at once!—Ho! ho! Ha! ha!—So, the game's up. We're found!

The Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."







THE BABY BRIGADE.

THREE cheers, three cheers,
For the little Volunteers !

Oh what a merry sight it is to see them pass,
Knee deep in butter cups, and ankle deep in grass—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, as onward they go,
Four jolly riflemen all in a row—
Sunbonnet, felt hat, and tattered hat of straw,
The funniest shakos that ever you saw !

Three cheers, three cheers,
For the merry Volunteers !

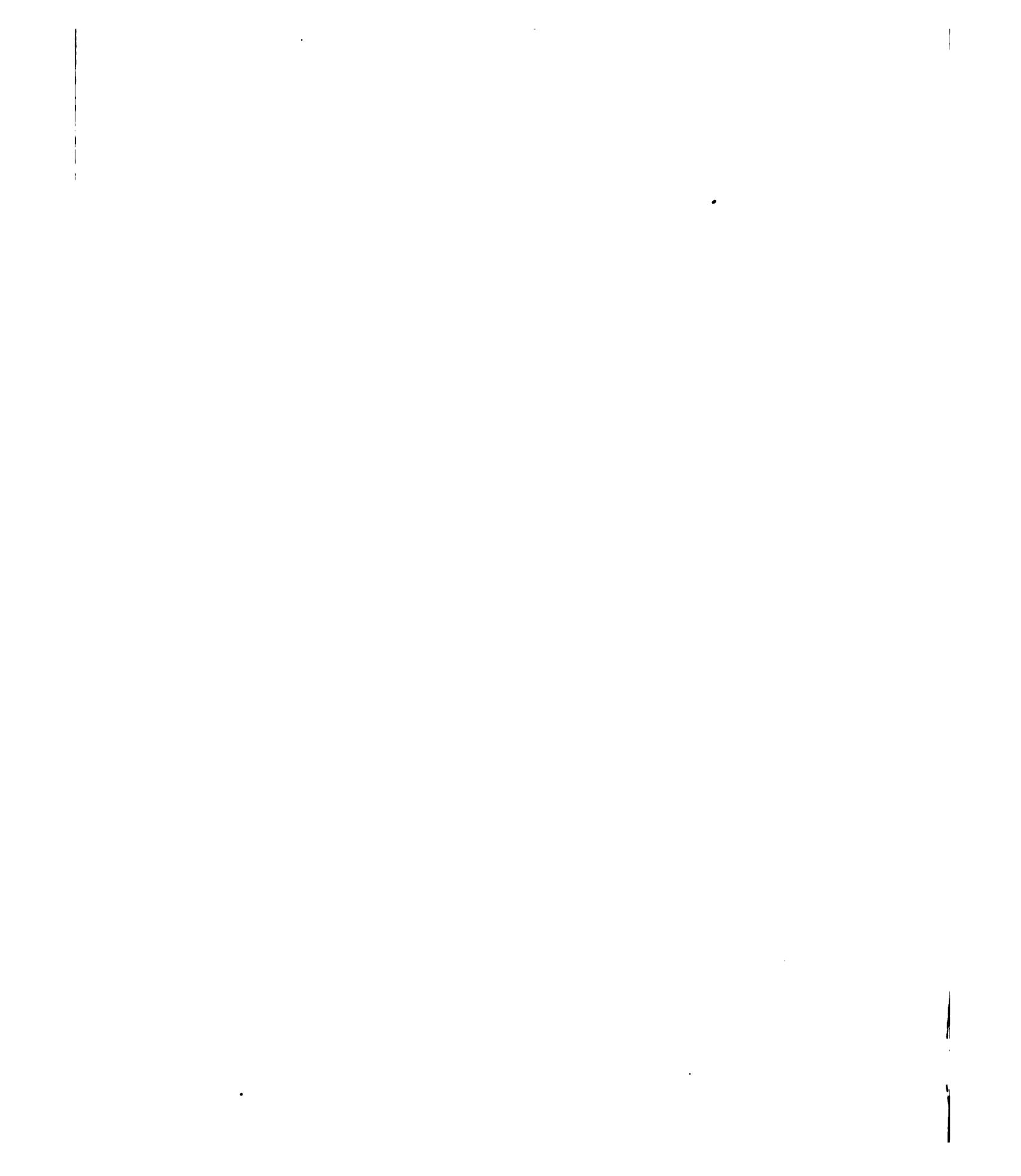
The flaxen curly Colonel gives the word of command,
To the stout little Corporal who can scarcely stand—
And when the bugle sounds, and they march upon their foes,
The poor little fellow tumbles down on his nose—
And what with the laughter and the cackling of the geese,
We're obliged to interfere to keep the Queen's peace—

And we've smiles, and tears,
From our gallant Volunteers—

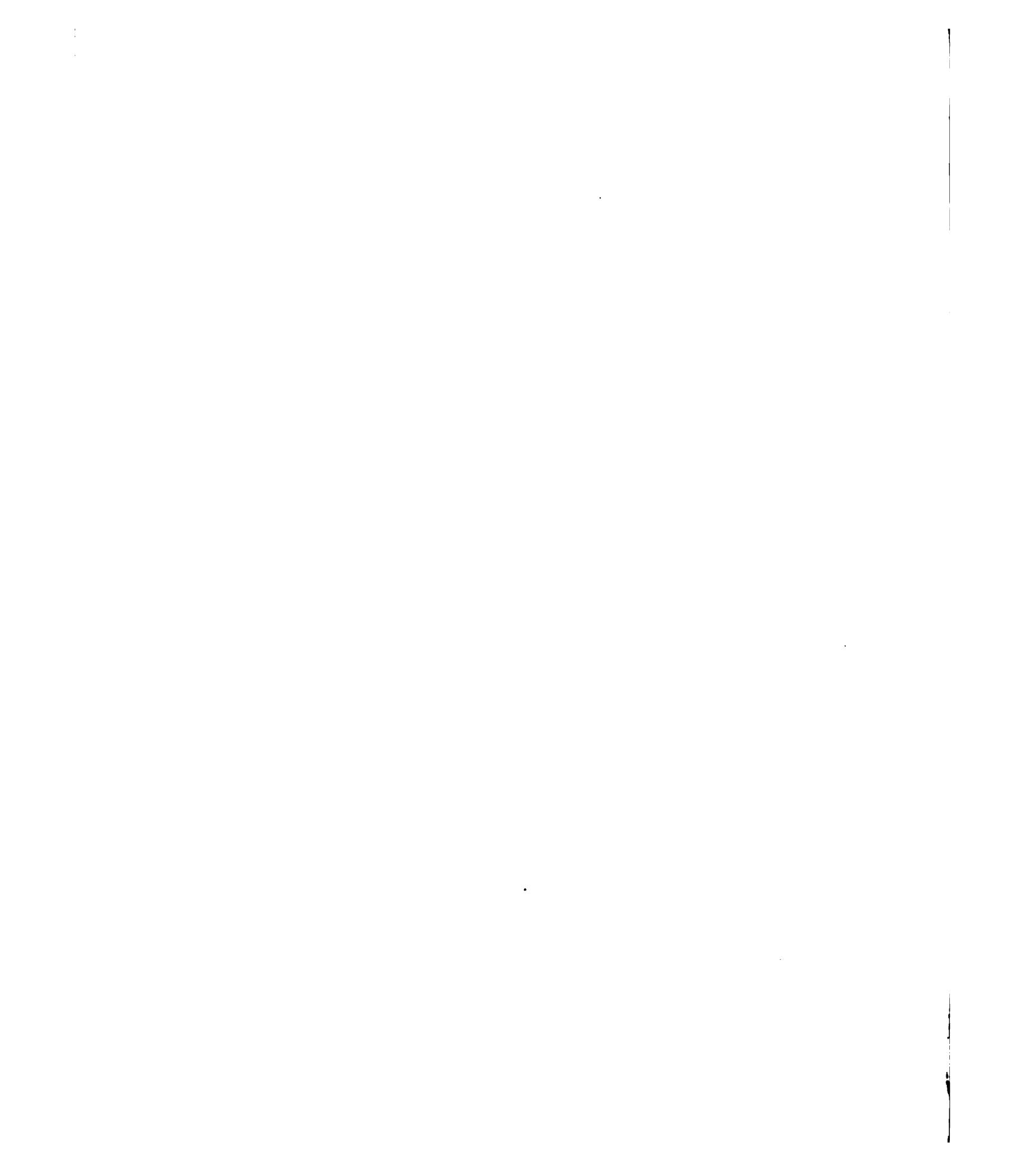
And smiling over all is the toil-worn face
Of the kindly old veteran that hangs about the place—
Basking in the sunshine, or resting in the shade
He dearly loves to drill his Baby Brigade,
Fondly encouraging the soldier-plays,
That call to remembrance his own field-days—

And he gives three cheers
For his little Volunteers !

L. W. T.







LAW AND JUSTICE.

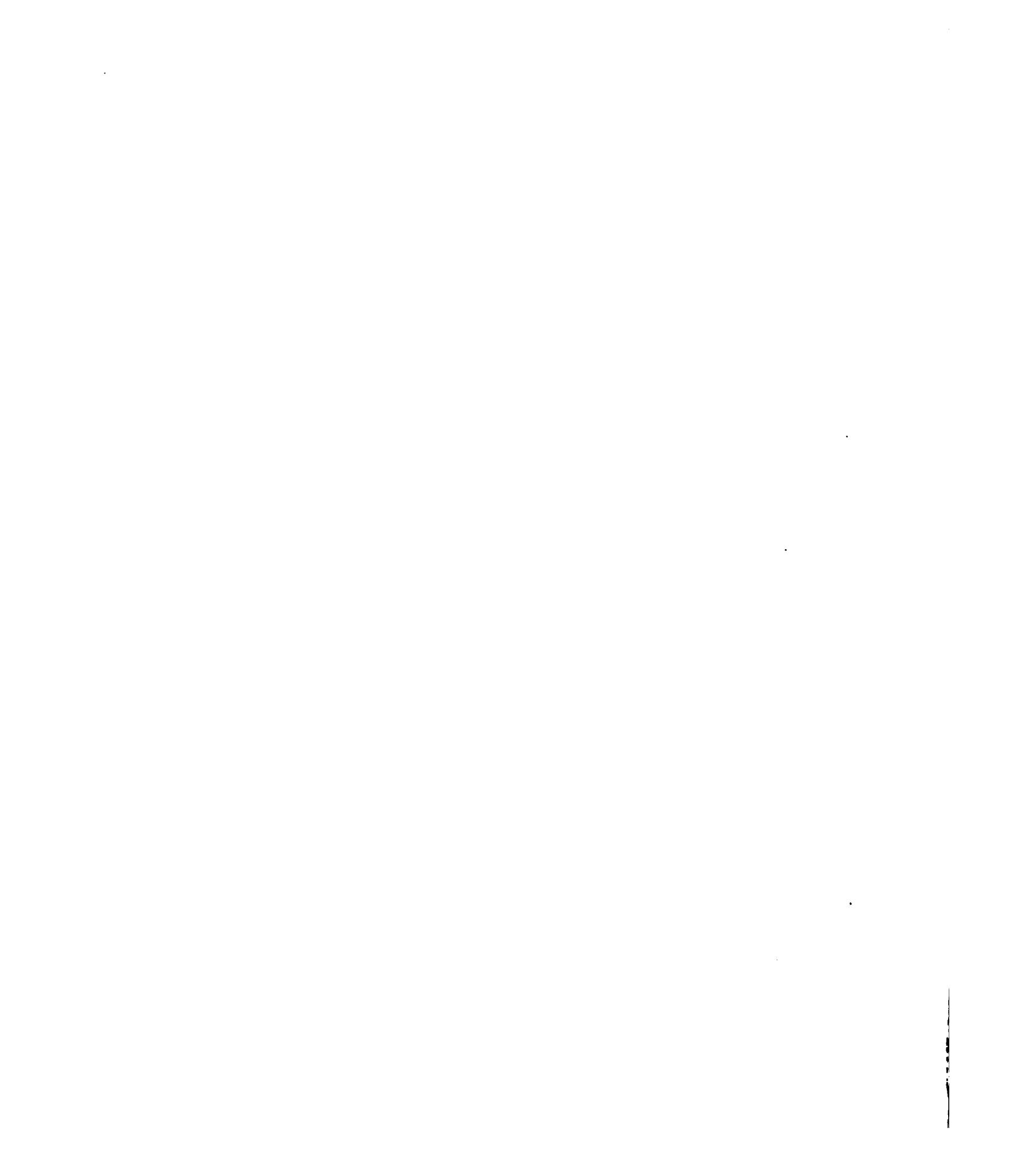
Now, this is Mary Queen of Scots!
Push all her curls away;
For we have heard about her plots,
And she must die to-day.

What's this? *I must not hurt her so;*
You love her dearly still;
You think she will be good—Oh no!
I say she never will.

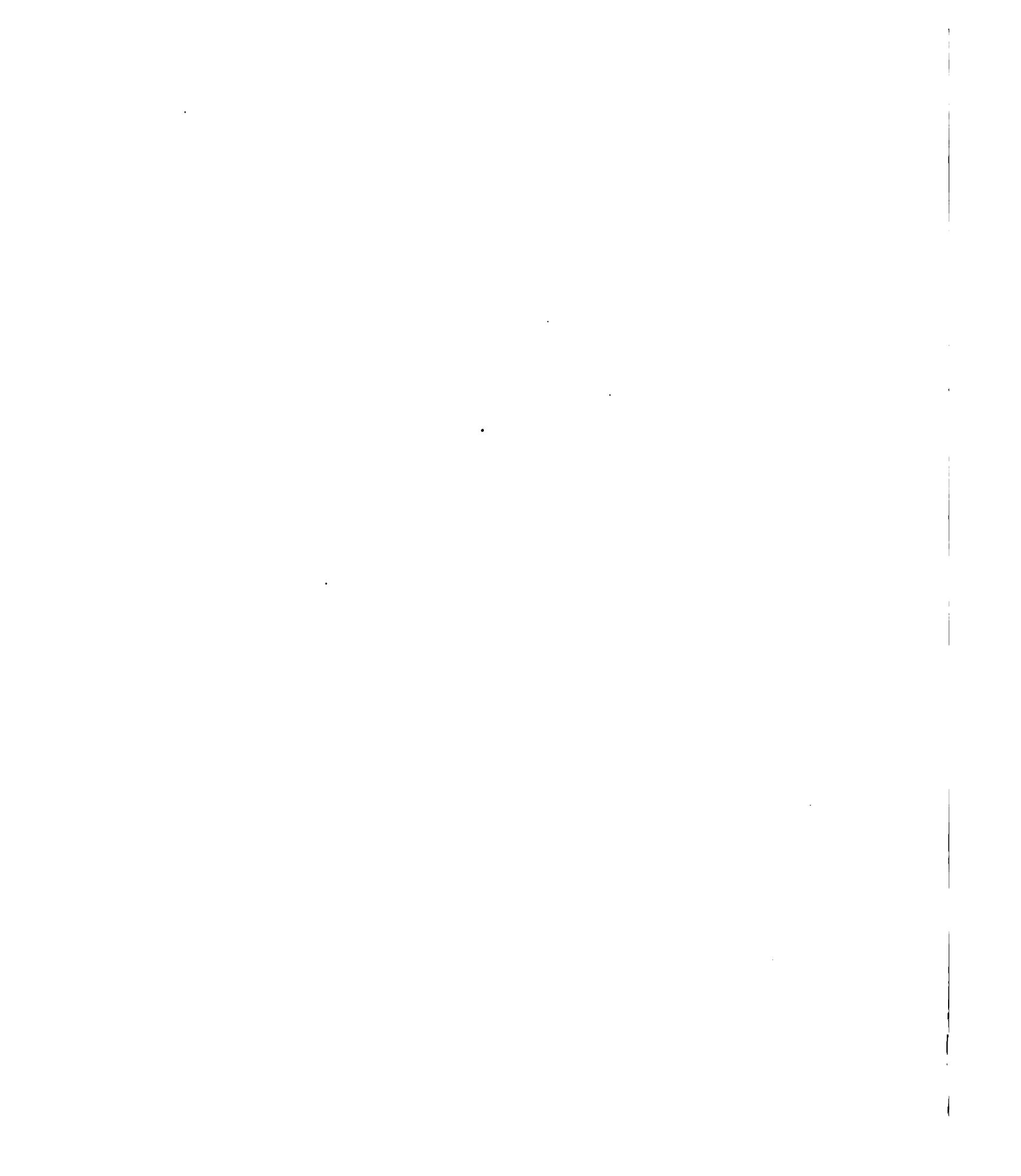
My own new saw, and made of steel!
Oh silly child to cry;
She's only wood; she cannot feel;
And, look, her eyes are dry.

Her cheeks are bright with rosy spots;
I know she cares for none—
Besides, she's Mary Queen of Scots,
And so it **MUST** be done.

Jean Ingelow.







VIII.

H A Y M A K I N G.

MANY a long hard-working day
Life brings us! and many an hour of play ;
But they never come now together.
Playing at work, and working in play,
As they came to us children among the hay,
In the breath of the warm June weather.

Oft with our little rakes at play,
Making believe at making hay,
With grave and steadfast endeavour ;
Caught by an arm, and out of sight
Hurled and hidden, and buried light
In laughter and hay for ever.

Now pass the hours of work and of play
With a step more slow, and the summer's day
Grows short, and more cold the weather.
Calm is our work now, and quiet our play,
And we take them apart as best we may,
For they come no more together!

Dora Greenwell.



IX.

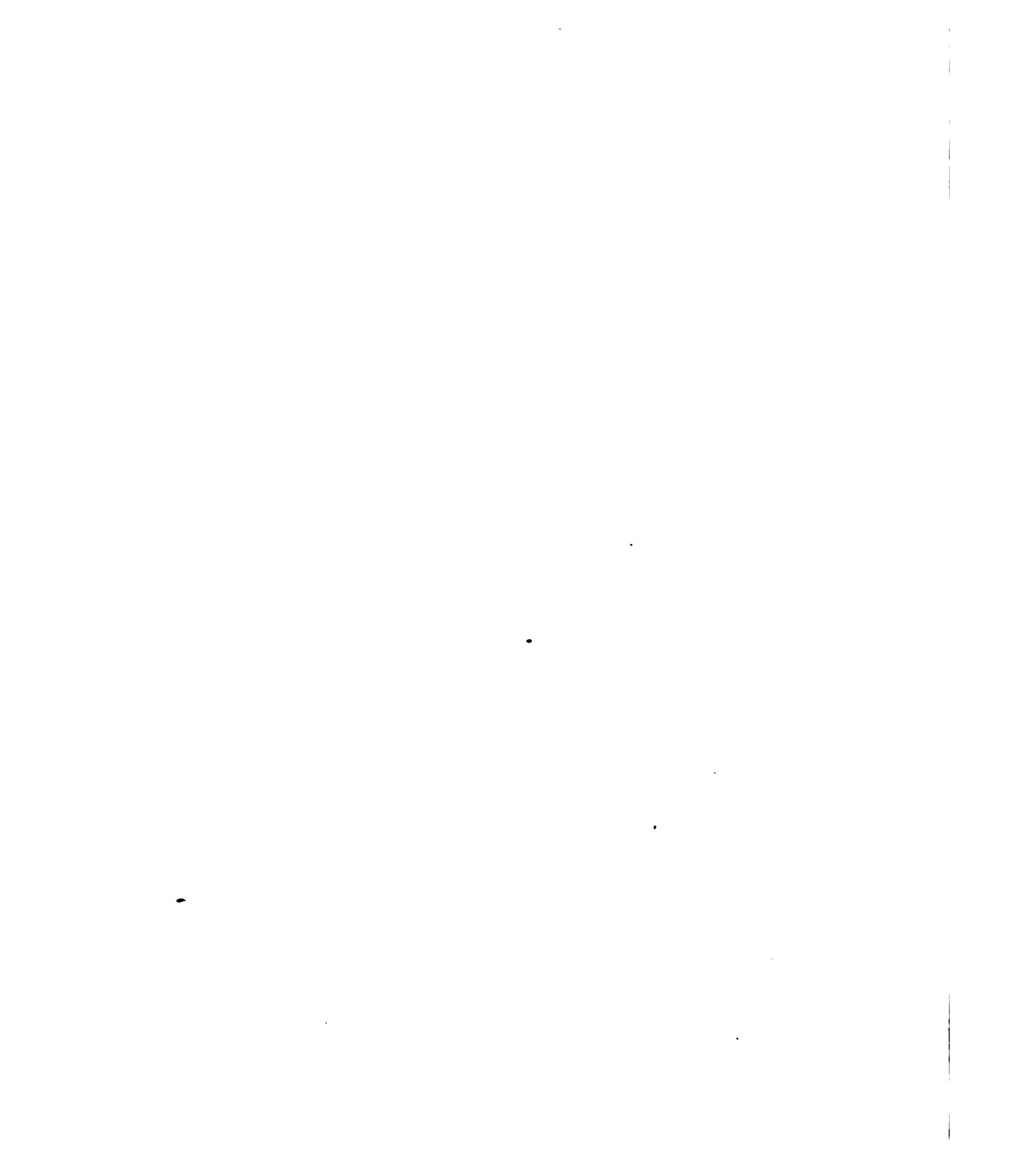
IN THE GARDEN.

Doggie dancing in the May,
Children merrily at play,
Granny never saying "nay ;"
Chestnuts flowering,
Leaflets showering,
Sunlight dowering
Its new-wed Day.

Doggie urged against his will,
Children innocent of ill,
Granny mute, unchiding still :
" For," she muses,
" Age refuses,
Childhood chooses,
Such pastimes gay.

" And it minds me of my playing,
Of my heedless, sportive Maying—
Past with me—nor with them staying!—
When, all prancing,
All entrancing,
I was dancing,
As glad as they!"

Jennett Humphreys.







AGE AND YOUTH.

SINGS the Poet—Crabbed Age
 And Youth can never live together—
 Giving reasons fair and sage—
 But false of trust as April weather.

Is there a sight more sweet to see
 Than when the children, love-compell'd,
 Cluster round an ancient knee,
 Mingling with gold the grey of eld?

And though so wide asunder lie
 The ends of life, methinks I find
 Traits of sweet affinity
 That each to each together bind.

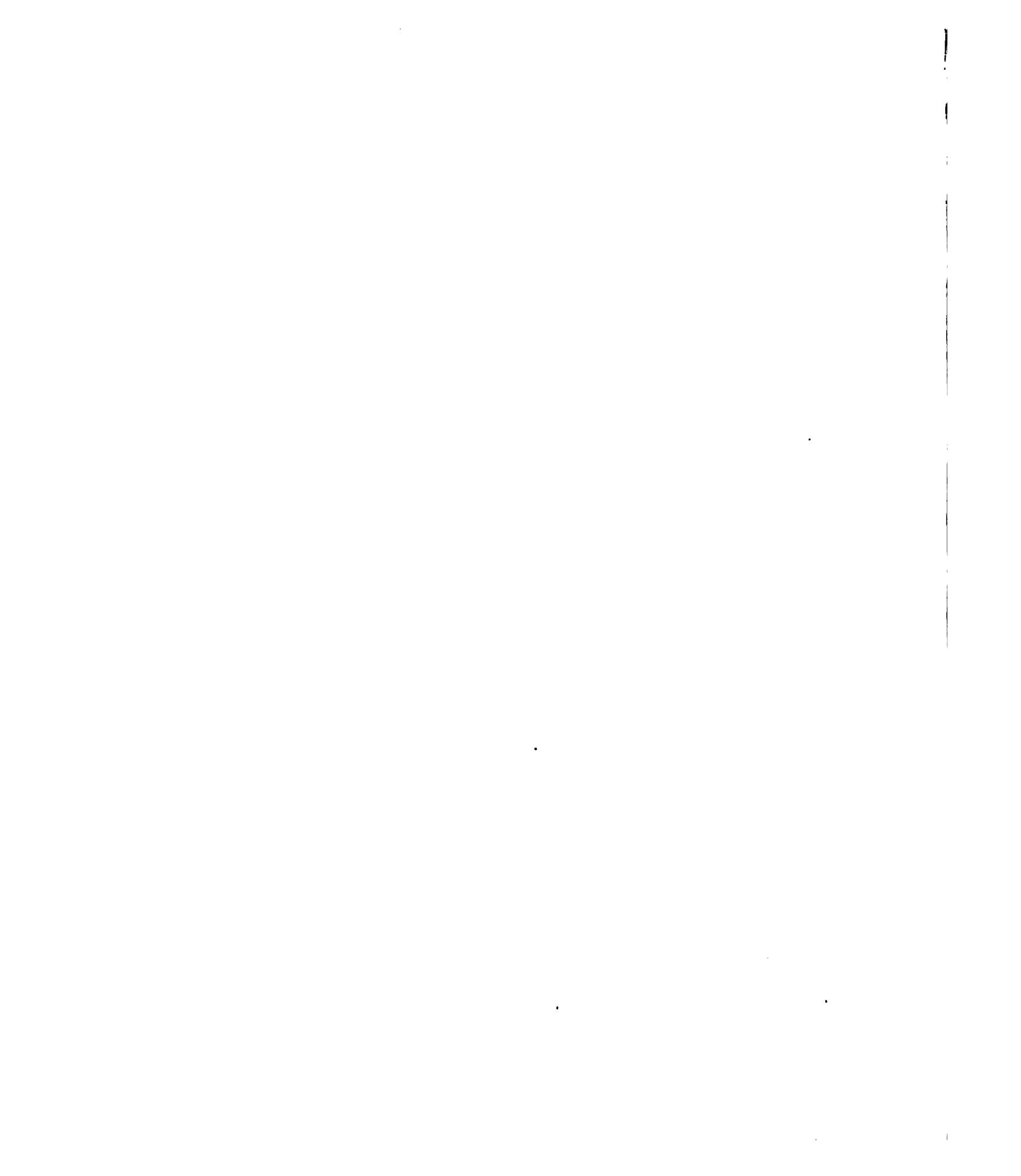
Middle age of limb is fleet,
 Strong to move, and prompt to go—
 Youth and Age, companions meet,
 Hand in hand come tott'ring slow.

Middle age has words but few,
 Lost in anxious speculation—
 Garrulous the other two,
 And prone to endless conversation.

Middle age can take no rest,
 Has no time for play, or pleasure—
 Whereas Age and Youth are blest
 With interminable leisure.

It seems that thus to Age and Youth
 Some sympathetic traits are given,
 And it is a lovely truth
 That they both are near to Heaven!

L. W. T.







A STORY BY THE FIRE.

CHILDREN love to hear of children !
 I will tell of a little child
 Who dwelt alone with his mother
 By the edge of a forest wild.
 One summer eve from the forest,
 Late, late down the grassy track ;
 The child came back with lingering step,
 And looks oft turning back.

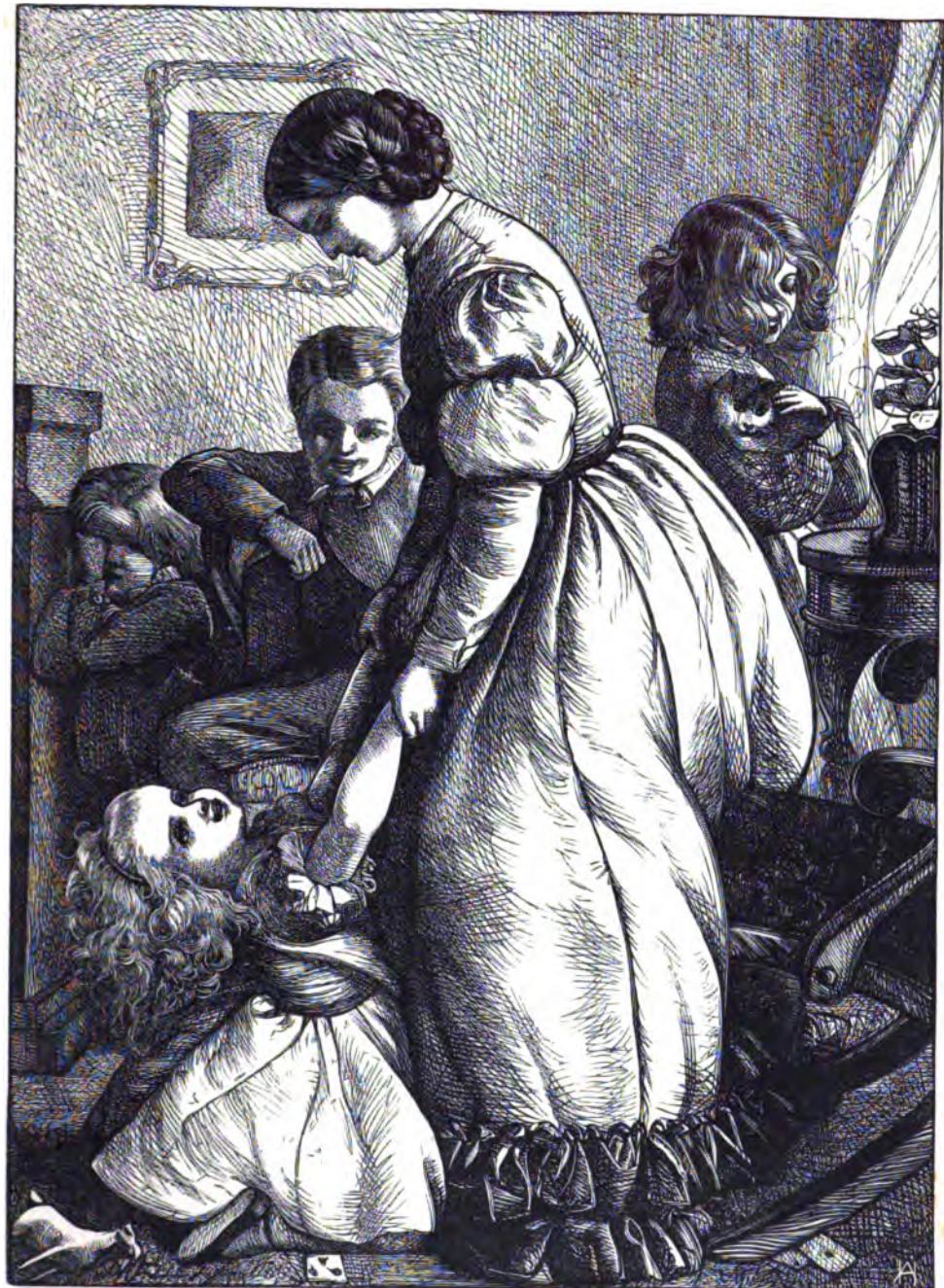
“ Oh, Mother ! ” he said, “ In the forest
 I have met with a little child ;
 All day he played with me—all day
 He talked with me and smiled.
 At last he left me alone, but then
 He gave me this rosebud red ;
 And said he would come to me again
 When all its leaves were spread.

“ I will put my rosebud in a glass,
 I will watch it night and day ;
 Dear little friend, wilt thou come again ?
 Wilt thou come by my side to play ?
 I will seek for strawberries—the best
 Of all shall be for thee ;
 I will show thee the eggs in the linnet’s nest
 None knoweth of but me.”

At morn, beside the window sill,
 Awoke a bird’s clear song ;
 But all within the house was still,
 The child was sleeping long.
 The mother went to his little room—
 With all its leaves outspread
 She saw a rose in fullest bloom ;
 And, in the little bed,
 A child that did not breathe or stir,
 A little, happy child
 Who had met his little friend again,
 And in the meeting smiled.

Dora Greenwell.







THE JEALOUS BOY.

WHAT, my little foolish Ned,
 Think you mother's eyes are blind,
 That her heart has grown unkind,
 And she will not turn her head,
 Cannot see, for all her joy,
 Her poor jealous little boy ?

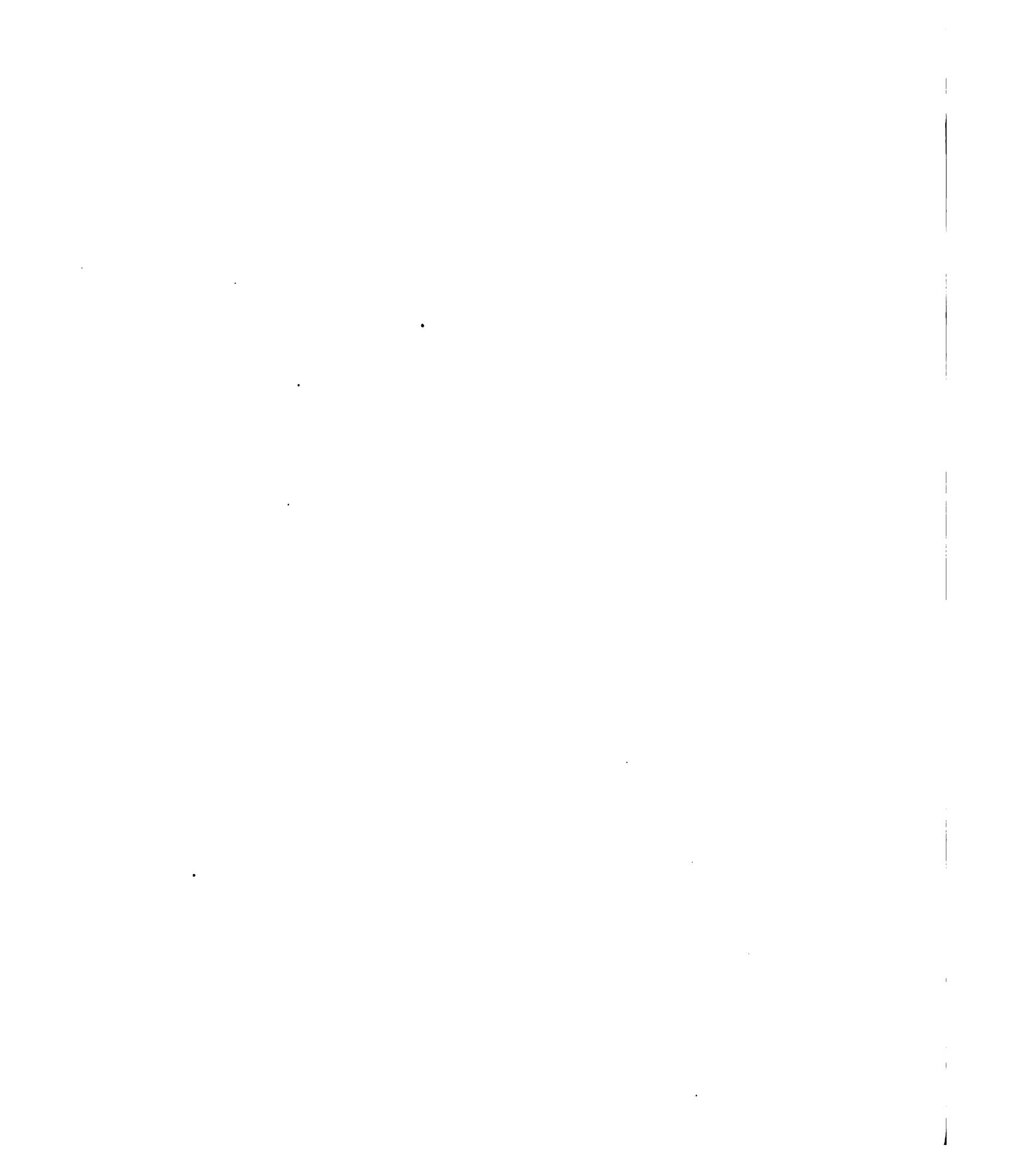
What though sister be the pet—
 Laughs, and leaps, and clings, and loves,
 With her eyes as soft as doves'—
 Why should your's with tears be wet ?
 Why such angry looks let fall ?
 Mother's heart has room for all.

Mother's heart is very wide,
 And its doors all open stand :
 Lightest touch of tiniest hand
 She will never put aside.
 Why her happiness destroy,
 Foolish, naughty, jealous boy ?

Come within the circle bright,
 Where we laugh, and dance, and sing,
 Full of love to everything ;
 As God loves us, day and night,
 And *forgives* us. Come—with joy
 Mother too forgives her boy.

The Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."





XIII.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

A THOUGHT FROM ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE Saint looked on the child and said,
“ All men must build ; upon the sand
Or rock, with eager heart and hand
All men must build ; but I with thee,
Dear child, in thy simplicity
Will build in patience undismayed.

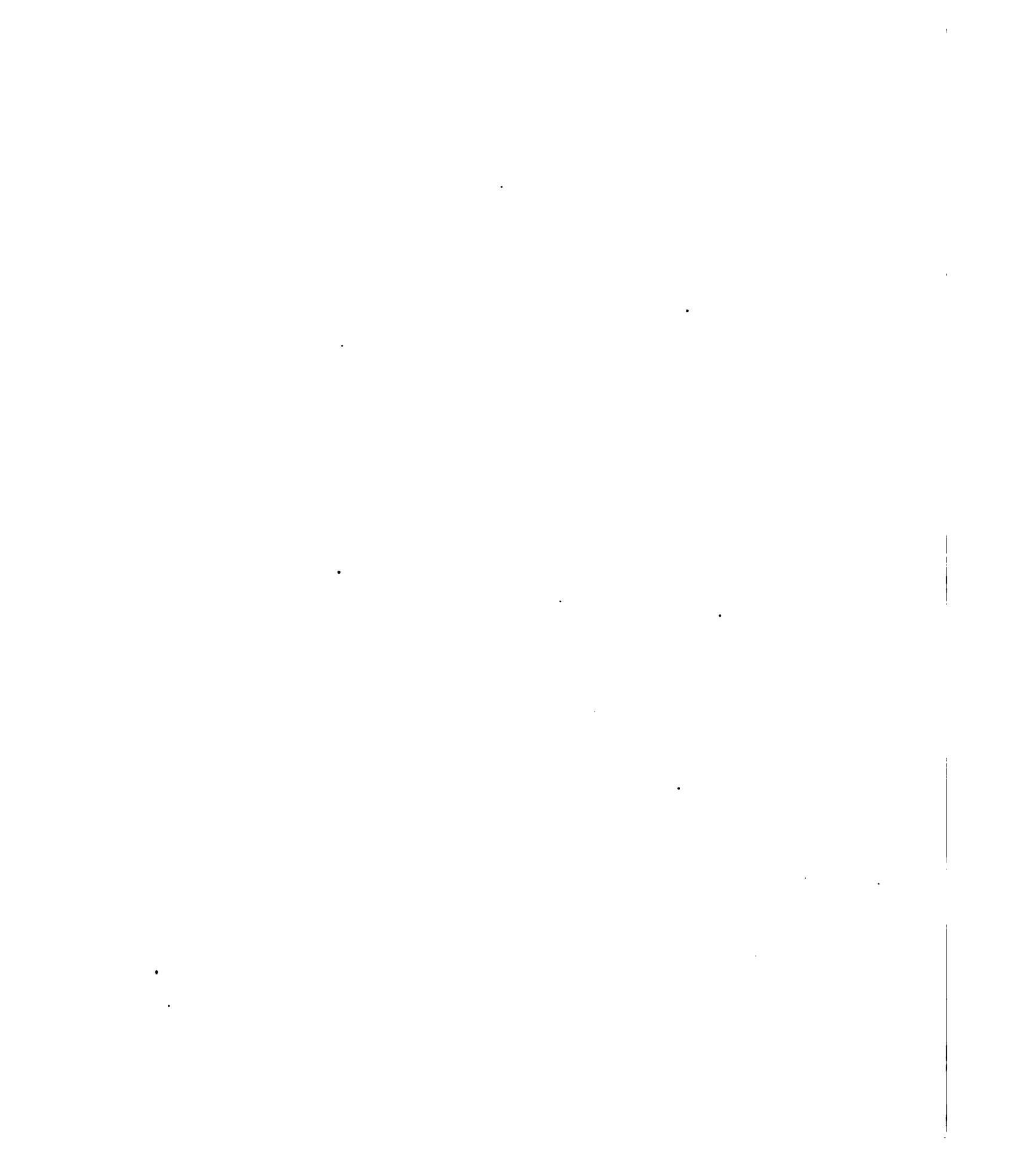
“ I will not twine for love a bower,
I will not raise for pride a tower
To reach to Heaven. What ruins lie
On Earth ! and in the heart a cry
Will rise from many a palace old
Become of doleful things the fold.

“ But I will learn from thee, dear child,
The secret of all loss and gain.
Thou smilest when a careless hand
Or hasty step destroys the pain
And cost of all that thou hast planned ;
And then, unsaddened, unperplexed,
Content to see thy work in vain,
Art ready with a mind unvexed,
From the first stone to build again.”

Dora Greenwell.



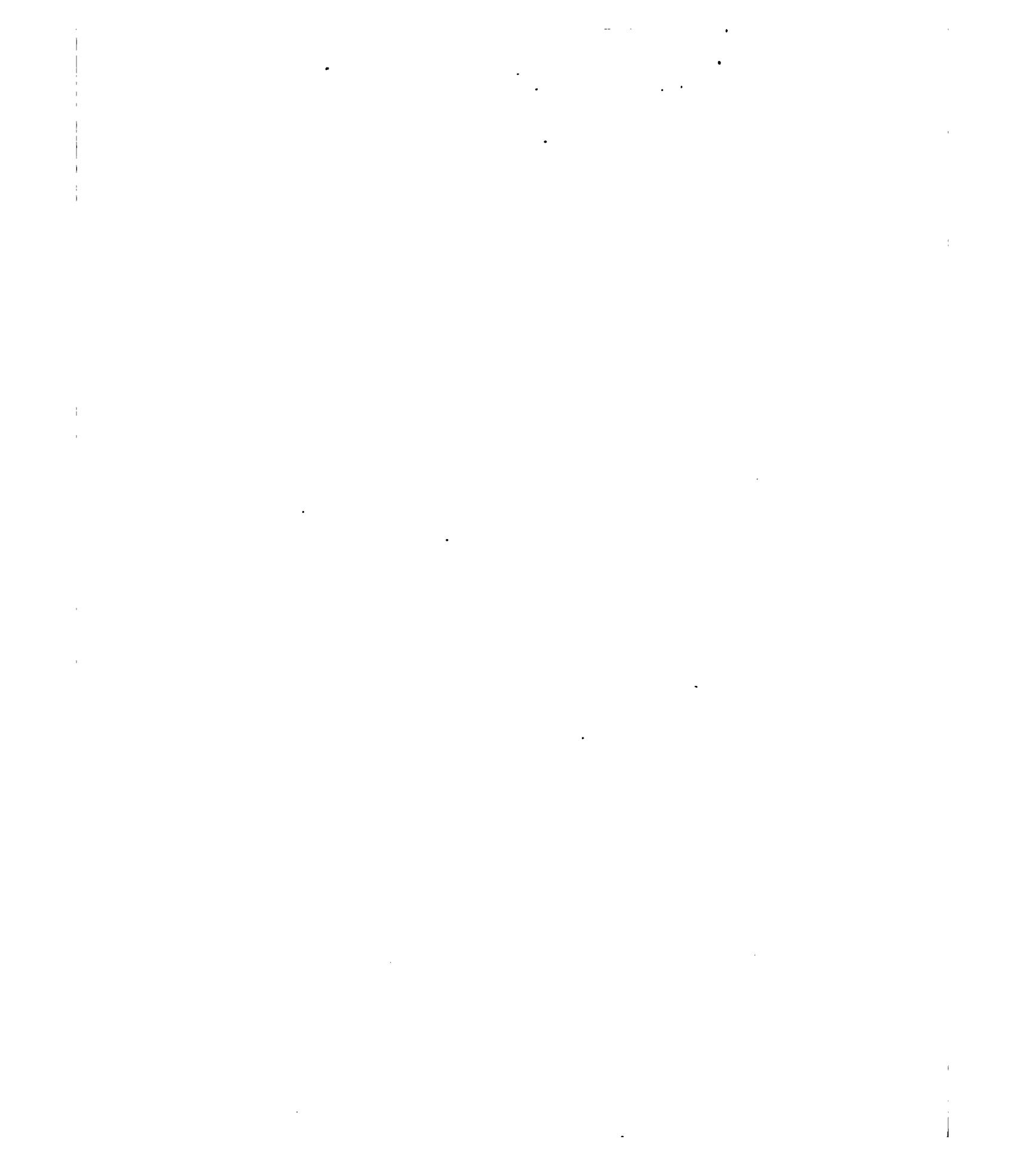




THE ENEMY ON THE WALL.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—
 Is the enemy on the wall?
 Run to attack him, children small!
 Bob and Kate with hoe and spade;
 Maggie half her flowers lets fall;
 Little Willie is afraid.
 Cock-a-doodle-doo!
 What a great, fierce, blustering bird!
 So delighted to be heard,
 As most cowards are, you know,
 When they flap their wings and crow,
 Safely set above us all.
 But the enemy's day is brief:
 Kate will drive him to the park,
 Like a second Joan of Arc;
 Robert comes to her relief—
 Robert, like a very Bruce,
 Any weapon puts to use.
 Only little Willie, dumb,
 Hides behind his mother's gown:—
 Willie, lad—look up, not down,
 Danger faced is half o'ercome;
 Frightened! such a man as you?
 At a cock-a-doodle-doo!
 Lift the little silly head,
 And there's nothing left to dread
 But a harmless cock—that's all—
 Crowing on the garden wall!

The Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."





THE CHAIR RAILWAY.

Gesture, clatter,
 Whistle, chatter,
 Chairs in position, passengers placed ;
 Progress shouted,
 Late ones scouted,
 No heed that they implore.

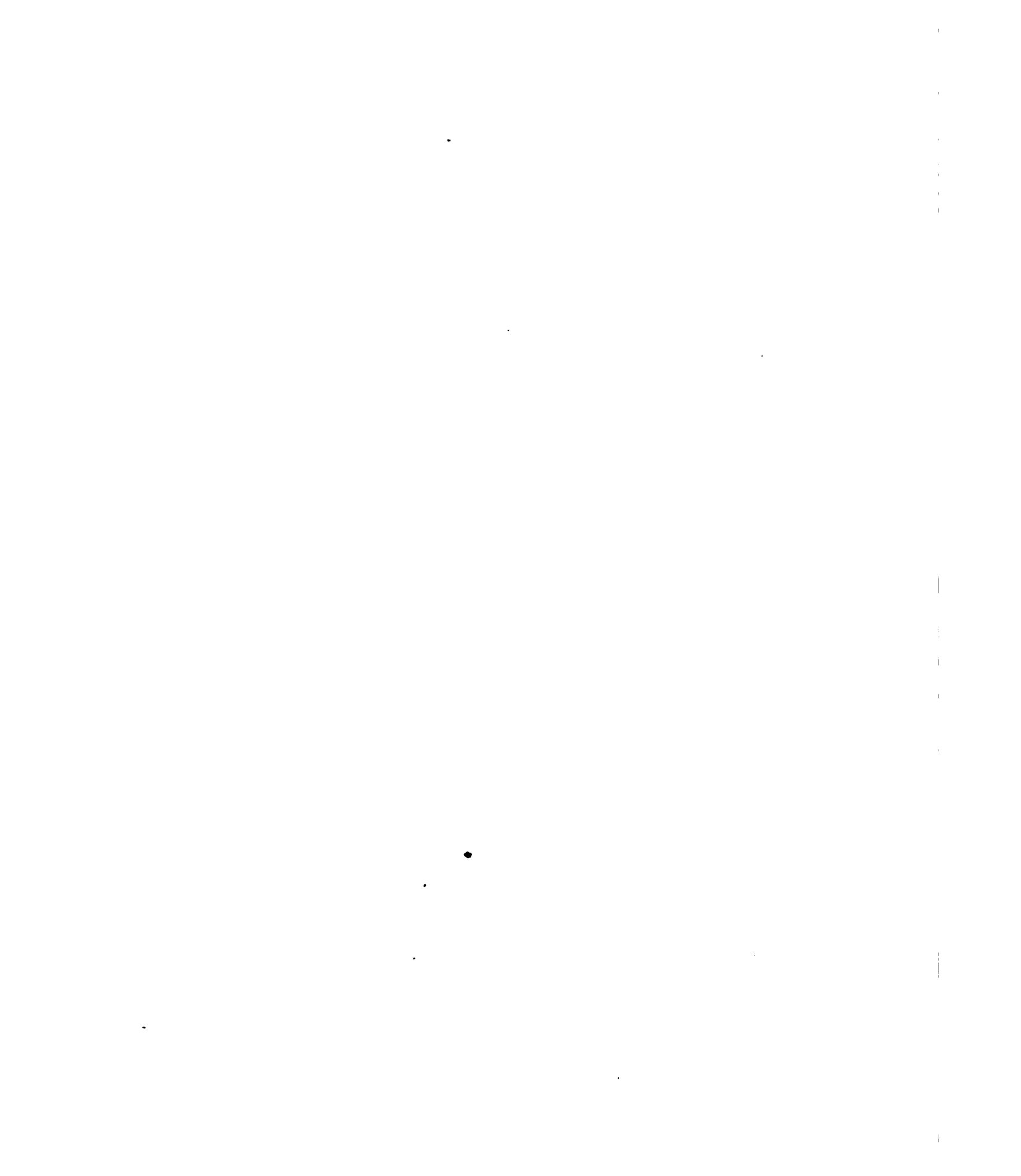
Noise, appearance,
 Pomp of clearance,
 Terminus sighted, course to run traced ;
 Signals waving,
 Tunnels braving ;
 —All feigned ! But would ye more ?—

Clamour, hurry,
 Boasting, flurry,
 Hope to proceed on vehemence based ;
 Skill assuming,
 Strength presuming,
 Advance so sure in store.

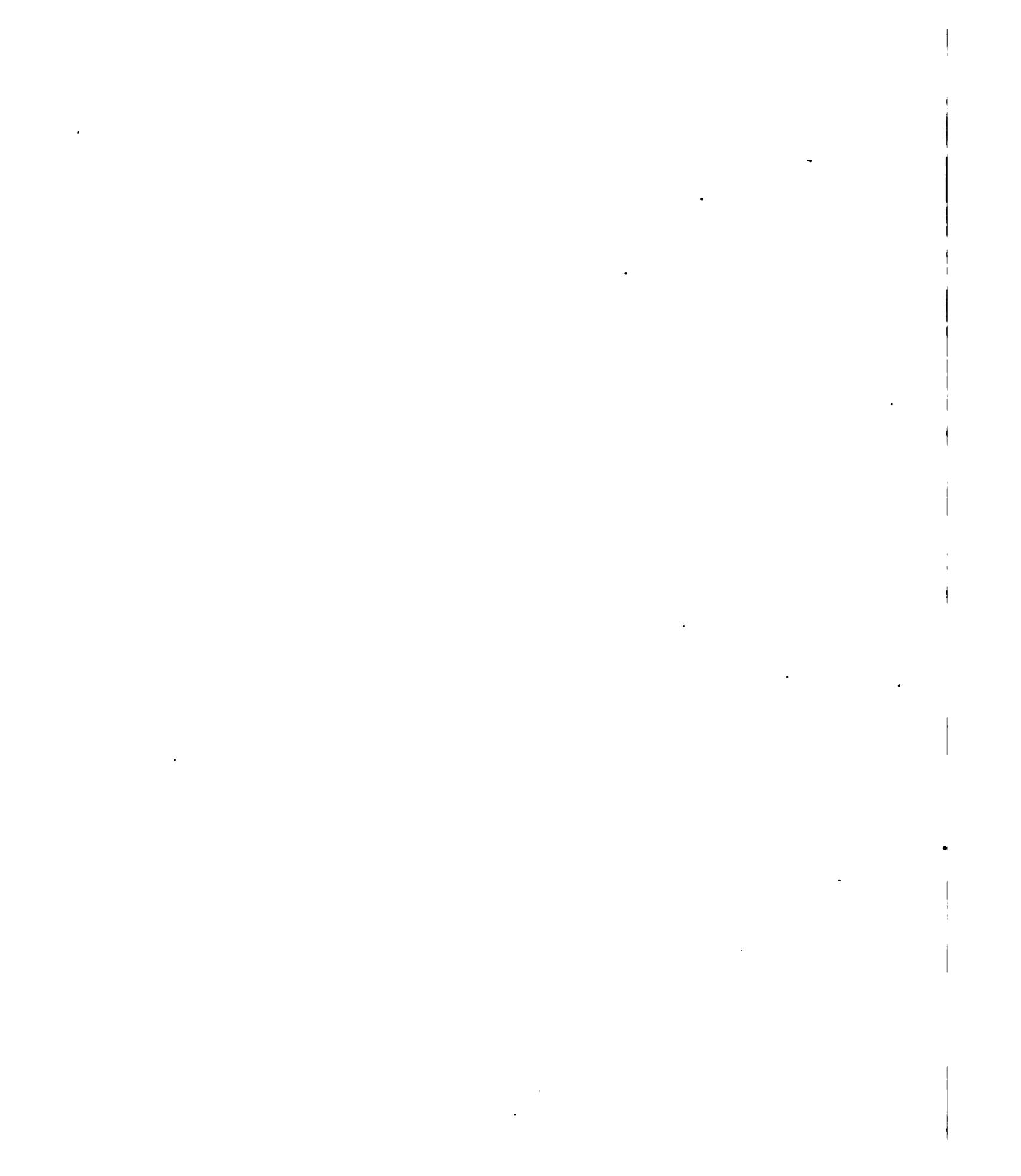
No step gaining,
 Naught attaining,
 Stir and commotion, all of it, waste ;
 Train unmoving,
 Weakness proving,
 Held fast upon the floor !

No acquirement,
 All requirement !—
 Naught but the bluster, blazon, and haste ;
 Outcry failing,
 Unavailing !
 —Ah me ! Have I done more ?

Jennett Humphreys.







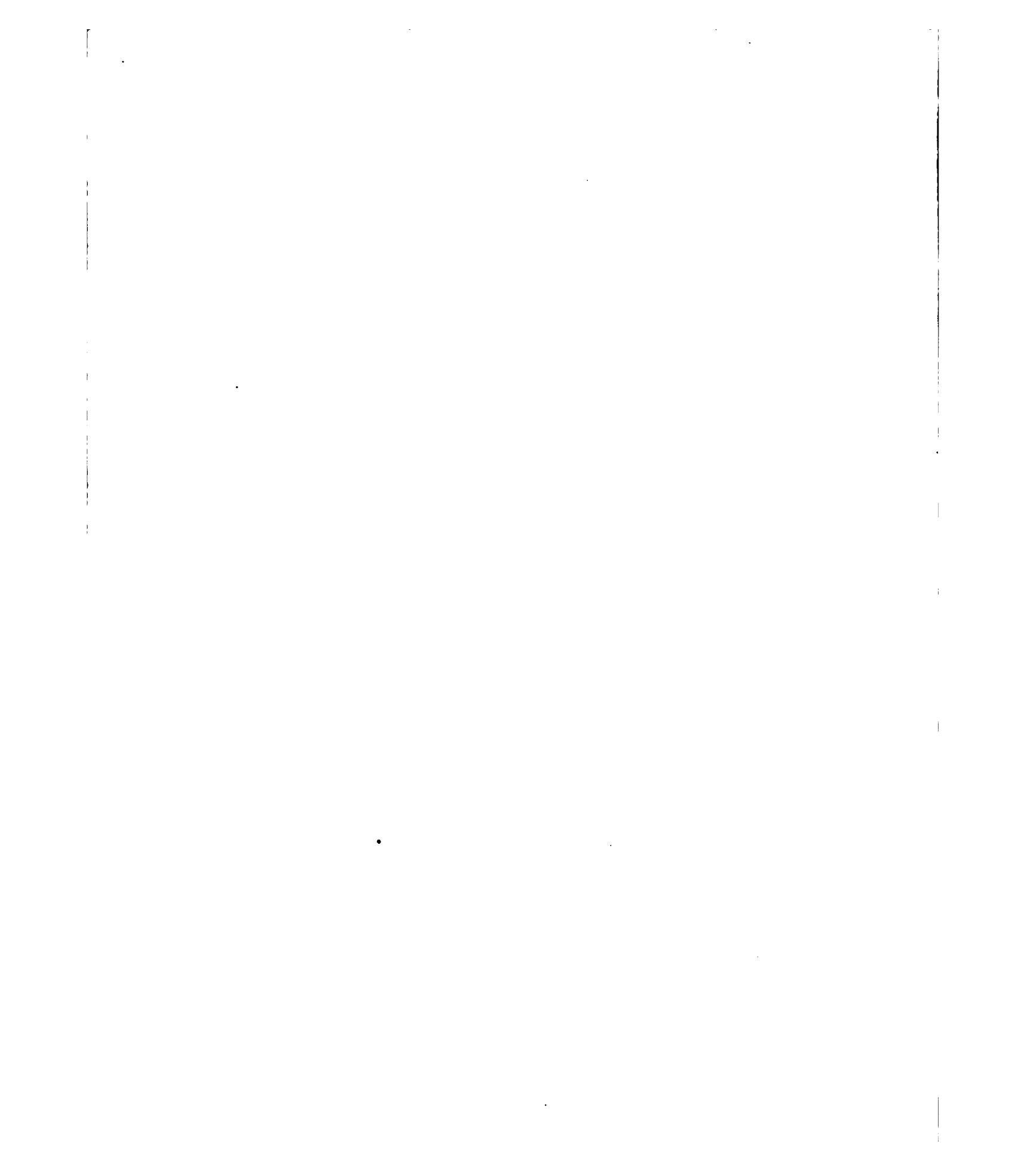
THE STAGE COACH.

COME—now, let us take a journey,
That costs neither trouble nor care;
What if where we are going we know not,
Nor if we shall ever get there—
What matter? The road is so pleasant,
And we pay not a heavy fare!

What matter, Oh, what matter
Should even the coach upset,
And all the passengers scatter?
Such chances are often met.
Our driver might be more steady,
But we know that the best of all
Riders are those that are ready
And willing to meet with a fall.

Come quick, now, and take your places;
The guard is blowing his horn;
The horses are in the traces,
They have had their feed of corn.
London—Paris—wherever it pleases,
You may ride in our coach of state;
We have no luggage to tease us,
And we carry but little weight.

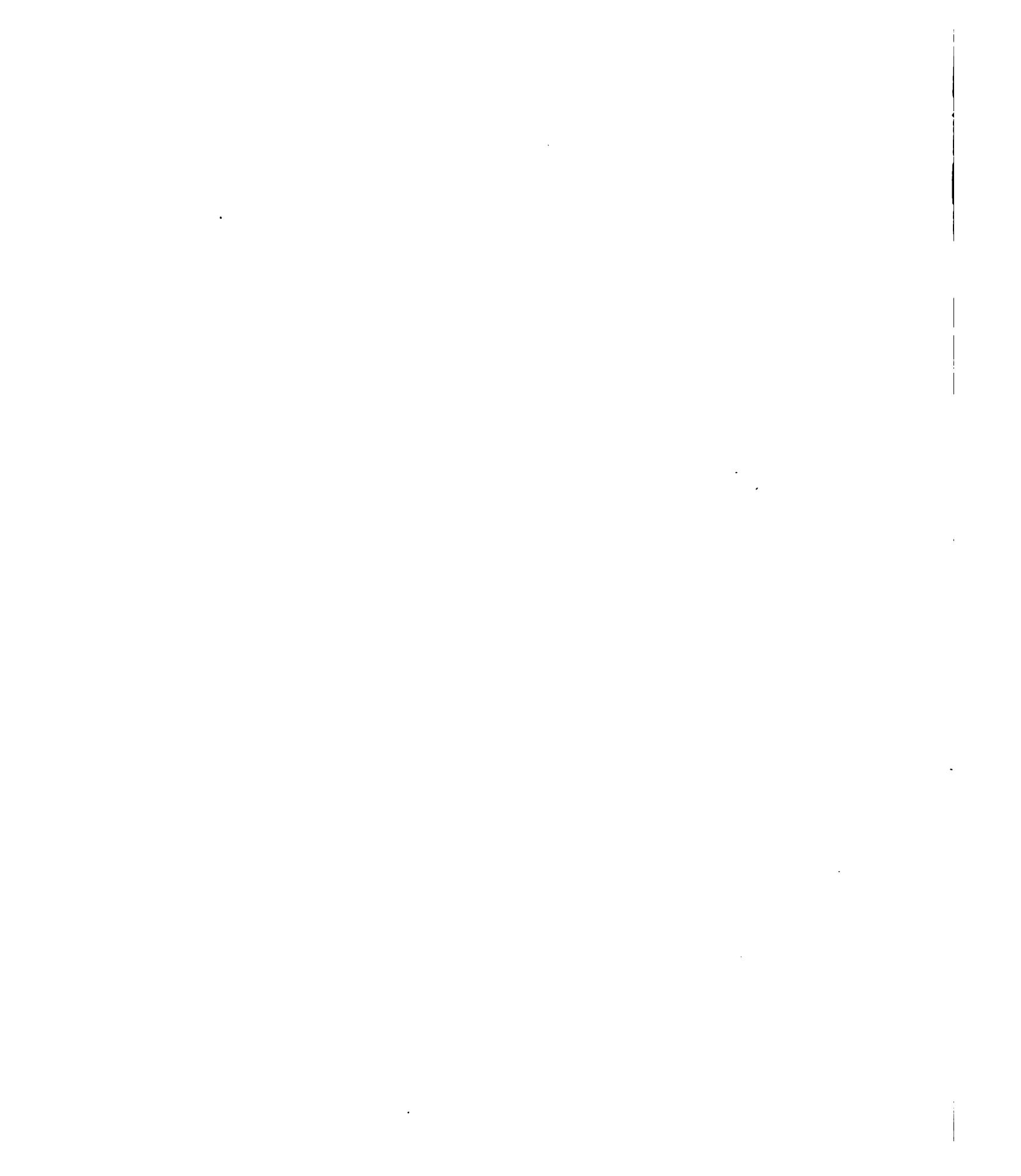
Dora Greenwell.











“THE SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD SHOW
THE FUTURE MAN.”

SAY, is it true, the line I quote?
Can boyhood's sports foretell,
As ocean weeds that idly float,
Reveal the tidal swell?

What diverse features of the mind,
Their boyish moods disclose!
One in his work delight can find;
The other in repose.

One lies to watch the briny foam
Upon the rocky ledge;
The other scoops himself a home
Close to the water's edge.

One leans a cheek on either hand
In cogitations rare;
This builds a castle on the sand;
That—castles in the air!

But who the lot in life can trace,
Their future may bestow?
Or see on either youthful face
Foreshadowings of woe?

Rather for each would hope foresee,
The path that suits him best;
And trust their happy lot may be
“Blessing—and to be blest.”

Anon.





BY THE SEA.

Whose clamour mounts most high ?
Yours, little folks, with eager shouts,
With loud obtaining, and quick-born doubts
If holding mean enjoying ?
—Or the low-lain sea, with mockery
Of all this sunny toying ?—

Whose hands the fastest ply ?
Yours, busy crew, with earnest thrust
At castles' rearing ? With saintly trust
In each frail work enduring ?
—Or the false-set sea, enticingly,
To tombless Death alluring ?—

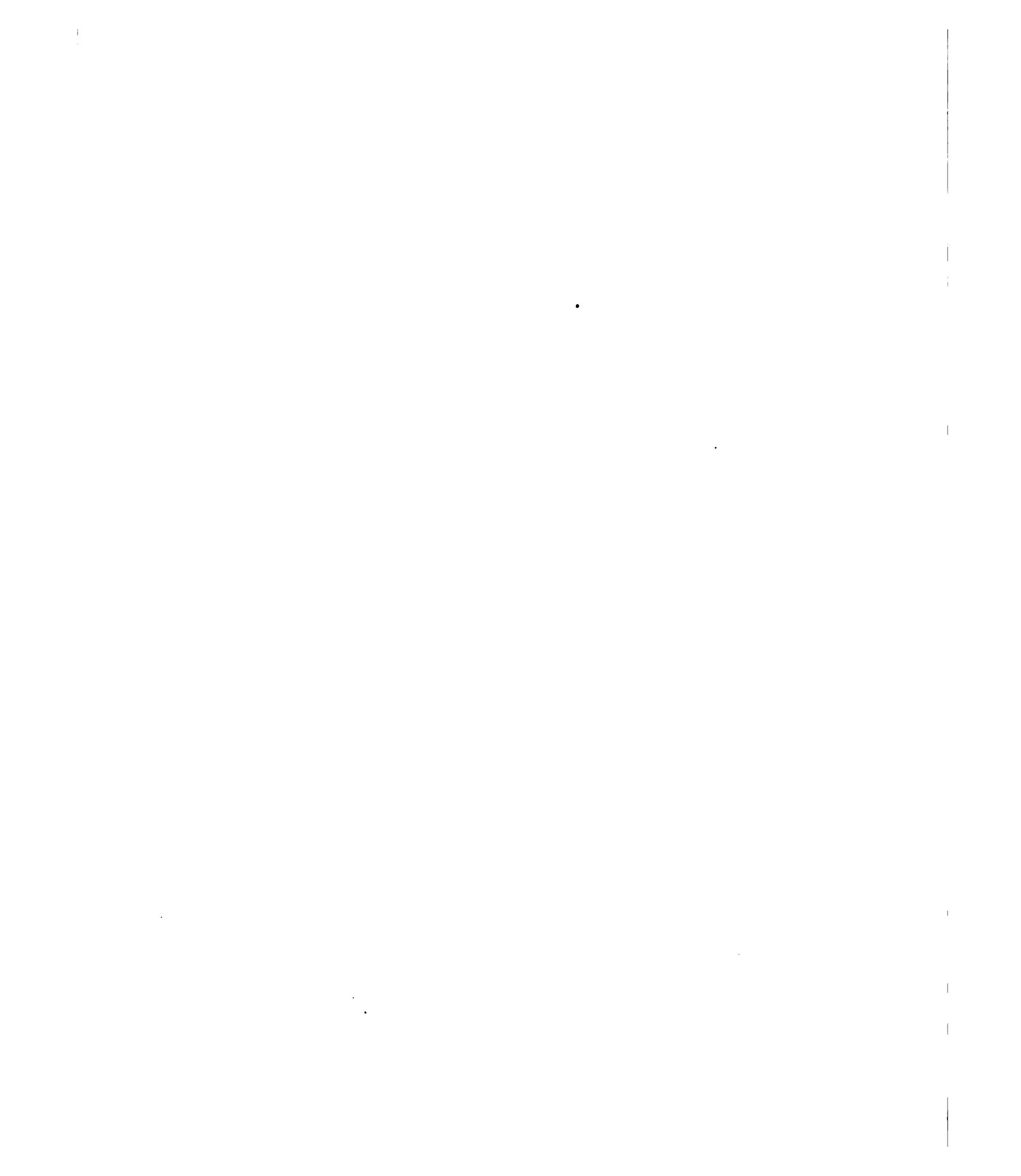
Whose sheen does brightest lie ?
Yours, pretty eyes, with gleeful flash,
With open glance no memories abash
To sinister averting ?
—Or the cold-lit sea, perfidiously,
Its guiltlessness asserting ?—

Whose tread will time defy ?
Yours, playful feet, with tricksome press,
With vaunted exploits of bold address
To Manhood's skill aspiring ?
—Or the sloth-paced sea, voraciously,
Its hapless prey acquiring ?—

Whose labour lasts for aye ?
—Each, little folks, the race must speed
Concerting ; since Pleasure, 't is decreed,
Is linked with Pain destroying ;
And dear Mercies glide at Horror's side ;
And with Good Ills bide ; and Life is bride
To Death, her joy alloying.

Jennett Humphreys.





G R A N D P A P A.

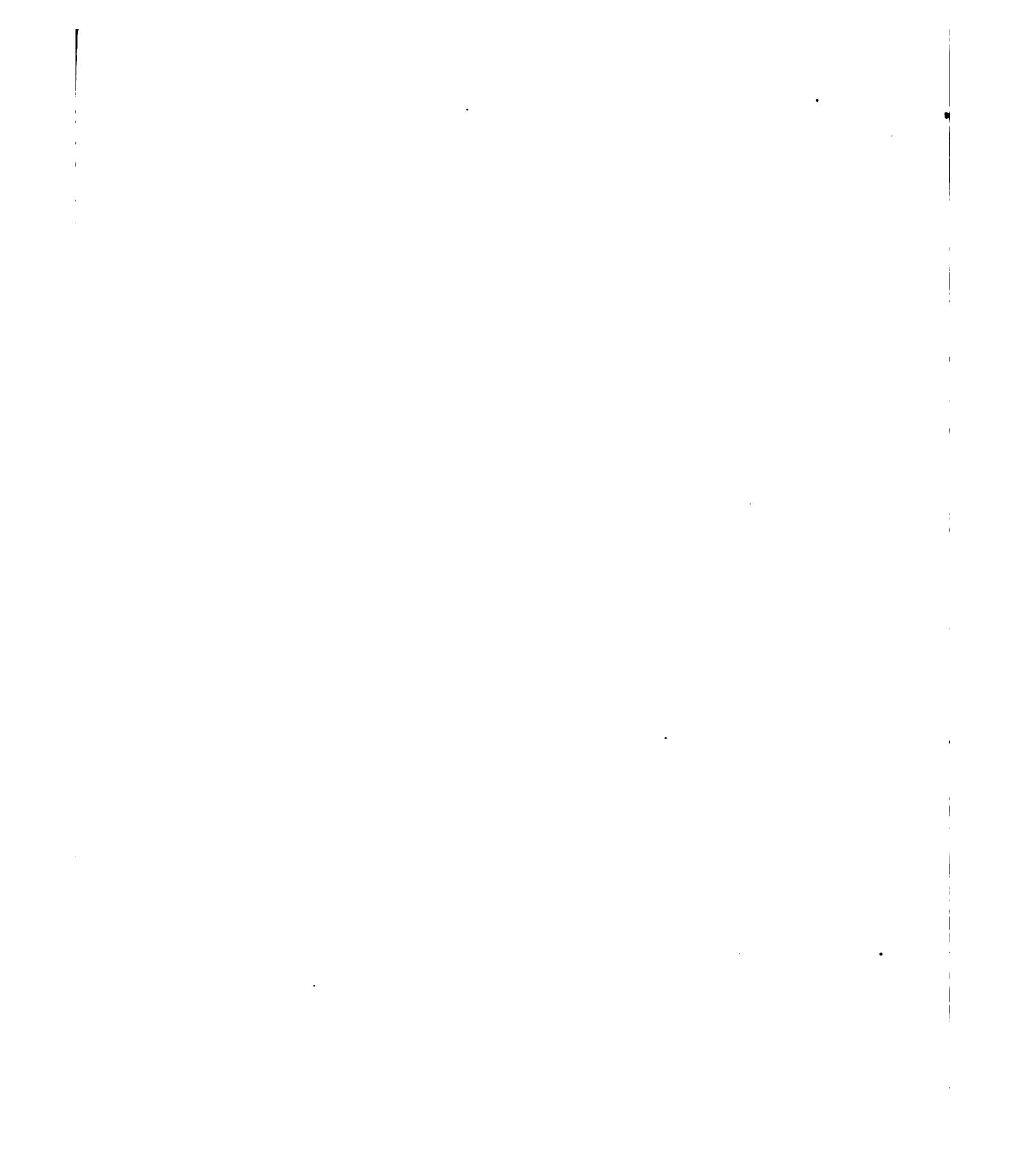
GRANDPAPA's hair is very white,
And grandpapa walks but slow;
He likes to sit still in his easy chair,
While the children come and go.
"Hush!—play quietly," says mamma:
"Let nobody trouble dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's hand is thin and weak,
It has worked hard all his days:
A strong right hand, and an honest hand,
That has won all good men's praise.
"Kiss it tenderly," says mamma:
"Let every one honour grandpapa."

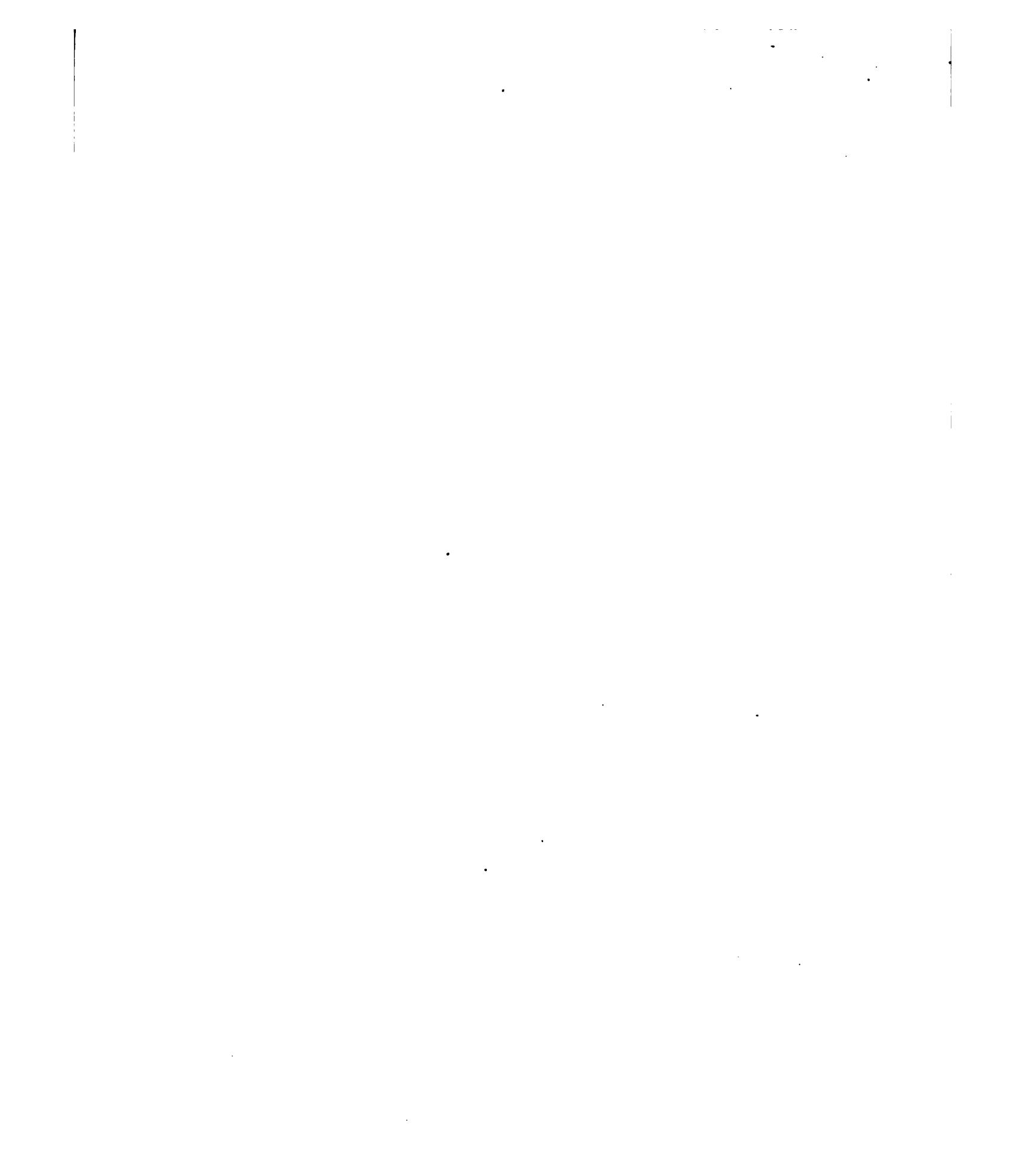
Grandpapa's eyes are growing dim:
They have looked on sorrow and death;
But the love-light never went out of them,
Nor the courage and the faith.
"You children, all of you," says mamma,
"Have need to look up to dear grandpapa."

Grandpapa's years are wearing few,
But he leaves a blessing behind—
A good life lived, and a good fight fought,
True heart and equal mind.
"Remember, my children," says mamma,
"You bear the name of your grandpapa."

The Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."







AT SCHOOL.

“ CAN’T you do your sum, dear ?
Does it make you cry ?
Move higher : Let me come, dear,
And see if I can try.

“ Give the pencil here, dear—
Write this ‘three’ once more :
You have not made it clear, dear,
It runs right through the ‘four’ !

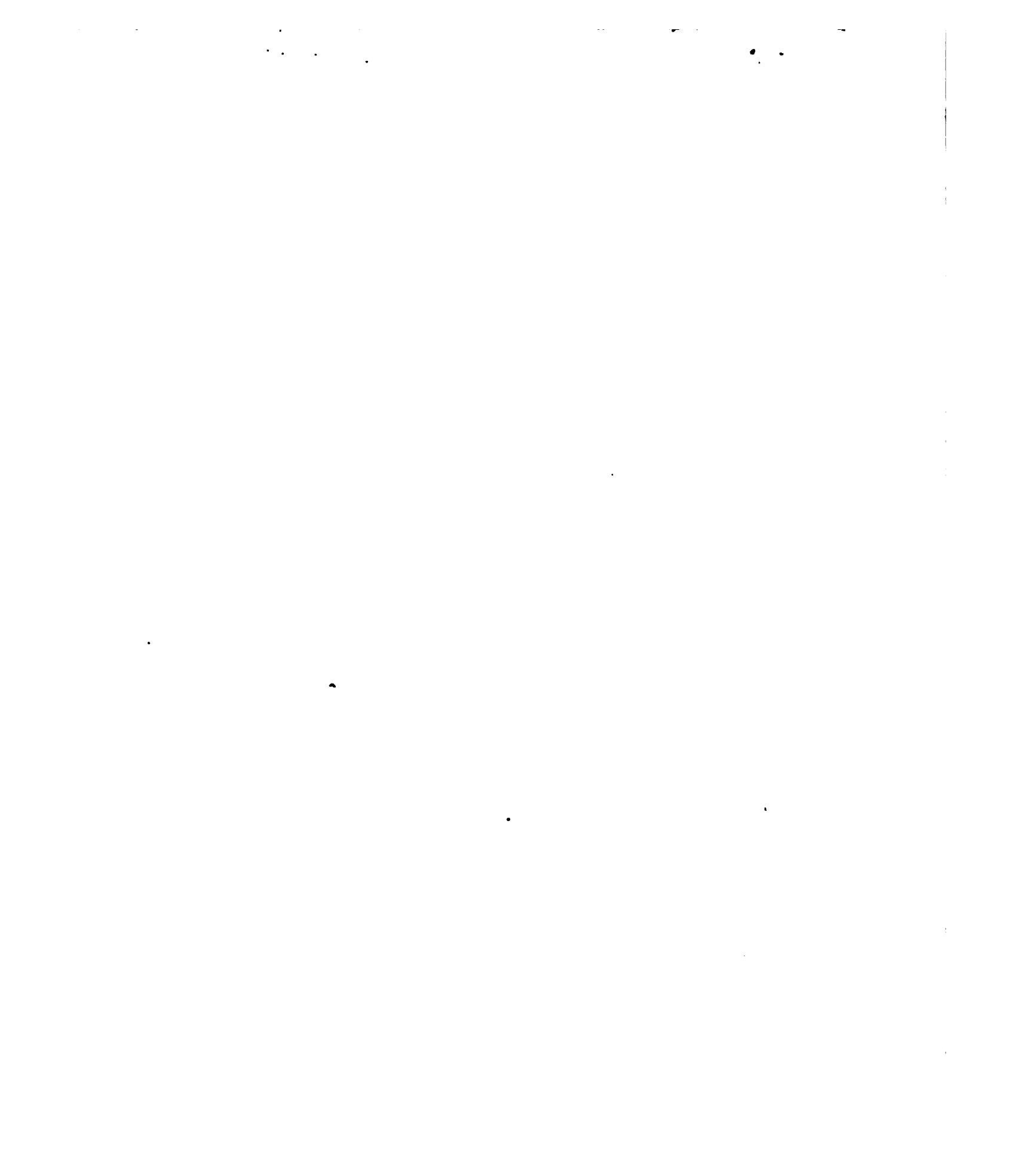
“ Let us take this line, dear,
It will soon be done ;
Fifteen are six and nine, dear,—
Five, and carry one.

“ Here are four and seven, dear.
Count up on your slate :
Yes, they make eleven, dear ;
Now add figure eight.

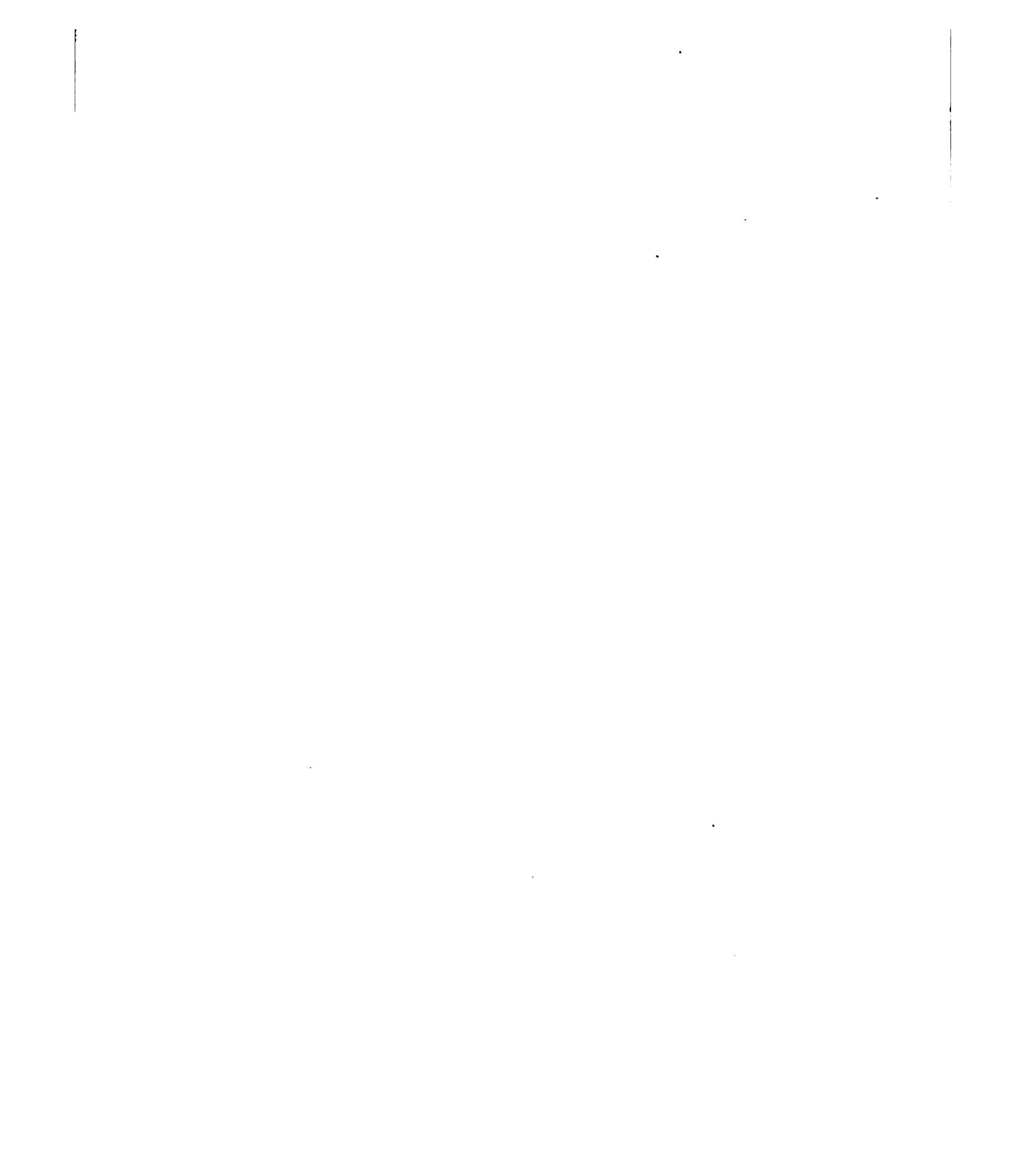
“ There ! I see you smile, dear ;
There ! I take a kiss !
You’ll help me awhile, dear,
For helping you in this.”

—Right ! you little kind one :
Love will perish never !
Years to come will find one
Clinging to you ever.—

Jennett Humphreys.







THE SCRAMBLE FOR SUGARPLUMS.

HARK! that burst of silver laughter
 Ringing up to beam and rafter!
 How one's heart leaps and rejoices
 At the music of those voices—
 How one's eyes enjoy the sight
 Of such innocent delight!
 Laugh and scramble, shout and play,
 Happy children, while you may;
 Life soon loses its completeness,
 Sugarplums their pristine sweetness,
 Dolls their charm, and nuts their savour,
 And gingerbeer its champagne flavour!
 Laugh, ye little lads and lasses—
 Soon, too soon, your childhood passes.
 Soon, too soon, you will be soiling
 Hands and souls with baser toiling!
 Just as you for sweetmeats scramble,
 We for worldly prizes gamble;
 Rank and title, place and power,
 Fame, the triumph of an hour,
 Gold that fetters, Love that changes,
 Friendship that a word estranges,
 Fashion, pleasure, empty station,
 Beauty, homage, admiration—
 These profane and hollow joys
 Are *our* sugarplums and toys;
 Slow to win and hard to hold,
 Dearly bought, and dearly sold,
 Seeming sweet and tasting bitter,
 Paint and tinsel, paste and glitter,
 Fair without, and foul within,
 Dust and ashes, tears and sin!
 Alas! I wish, but wish in vain
 That I were a child again.

Amelia B. Edwards.



A CHILD'S GARDEN.

SEEK in the hill, and seek in the vale
For foxglove, and broom, and heather ;
Seek in the woods for the primrose pale,
Seek for the hyacinths, dim and frail,
And plant them all close together.
Flowers that are bold, and flowers that are shy ;
The drooping bell, and the starry eye
That looks bright in the cloudiest weather.
And fling in all seeds that twine and that trail,
To bind them safe together ;
Then plant the sunflower and lily tall,
Tulip and crown imperial ;
With a blossomed rose for the heart of June
Set in the midst of all, and say
A charm to make them come up as soon
As the mustard and cress that were sown last May,
And be all in bloom together !
Emblem of youth's warm heart, thick sown
With blooms that need fear no weather ;
With wingèd dreams, and hopes half-blown,
With flowers that love to bloom alone,
And flowers that bloom together !

Dora Greenwell.



XXIII.

T O Y - M U S I C.

WELL! what can Age do better?
Grandma moves the toy, and Grandson listens!
Yet is she her nursling's debtor,
Tho' his eye glistens.

Say! See you not my theme?
—Children teach us hope and sweet endurance!
Prove to us this Life a dream!
Oh, blest assurance!

Hist! As the sound brays out
Discord fails to shock! annoyance ceases!
Melody plays out—plays out—
As doubt releases!

Hark! To the lady's ear
Promise flushes fast!—“ Since childhood passes
Sure to age: no need for fear!
Age will move to bliss, from here,
That far surpasses! ”

Jennett Humphreys.





THE SUPPLIANT REFUSED.

COME, darling! Best had'st yield!
'T is only sowing!
No greater bliss was e'er revealed
Than glad bestowing!

Come, darling! Can'st not give?
'T is over quickly!
Self-sacrifice will ever live,
And bear fruit thickly!

See, darling! Carlo begs!
He wants a taste!
Give of thy cup! aye, e'en the dregs!
'T will not be waste!

Hey, darling? *Want it all?*
Hide not thy hand!
Take bounteous seed and let it fall,
'T will sure expand!

Nay, darling! Clear thy brow!
'T will easy be!
The sweetest yoke, wilt soon allow,
Is Charity!

Aye, darling! Longer years
That thou shalt live,
Wilt learn how wholly it appears
Happiness to give!

Jennett Humphreys.





THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Who is this advancing stately,
All in robes of fragrant white?
Is it not Queen Babe, who lately
Came to claim her sovereign right.

From the nursery to the kitchen,
From the parlour to the hall,
With her tyranny bewitching,
Is she not the Queen of all?

Here we kneel, with hearts devoted,
Undivided court to pay—
Every charm is duly noted—
Isn't Baby grown to-day?

Could you find a child completer?—
Tell me, Milly, tell me true—
Rounder cheek, complexion sweeter,
Eyes of deeper sunnier blue?

Is she like her little brother?
Do you think she's like papa?
No—I'm sure she's like no other,
Than her *very* own mama!

Happy mother! closer, nearer,
Revel in that velvet kiss—
Take your fill—for nothing dearer
Life can offer you than this.

L. W. T.

THE MOCK BURIAL.

THERE were no footmarks in the sand,
Nor, far as eye could reach,
Aught that had life on sea or land,
Look where I would, as, book in hand,
I stroll'd along the beach.

All, all alone! Ah, saddest word
Of human speech thou art!
I sigh'd—I started—for I heard
A happy, happy sound that stirr'd
The pulses of my heart.

A sound of infant laughter, sweet
As wild birds' songs in May.
I hastened on with eager feet,
And found, close by, a rustic seat
That overlook'd the bay.

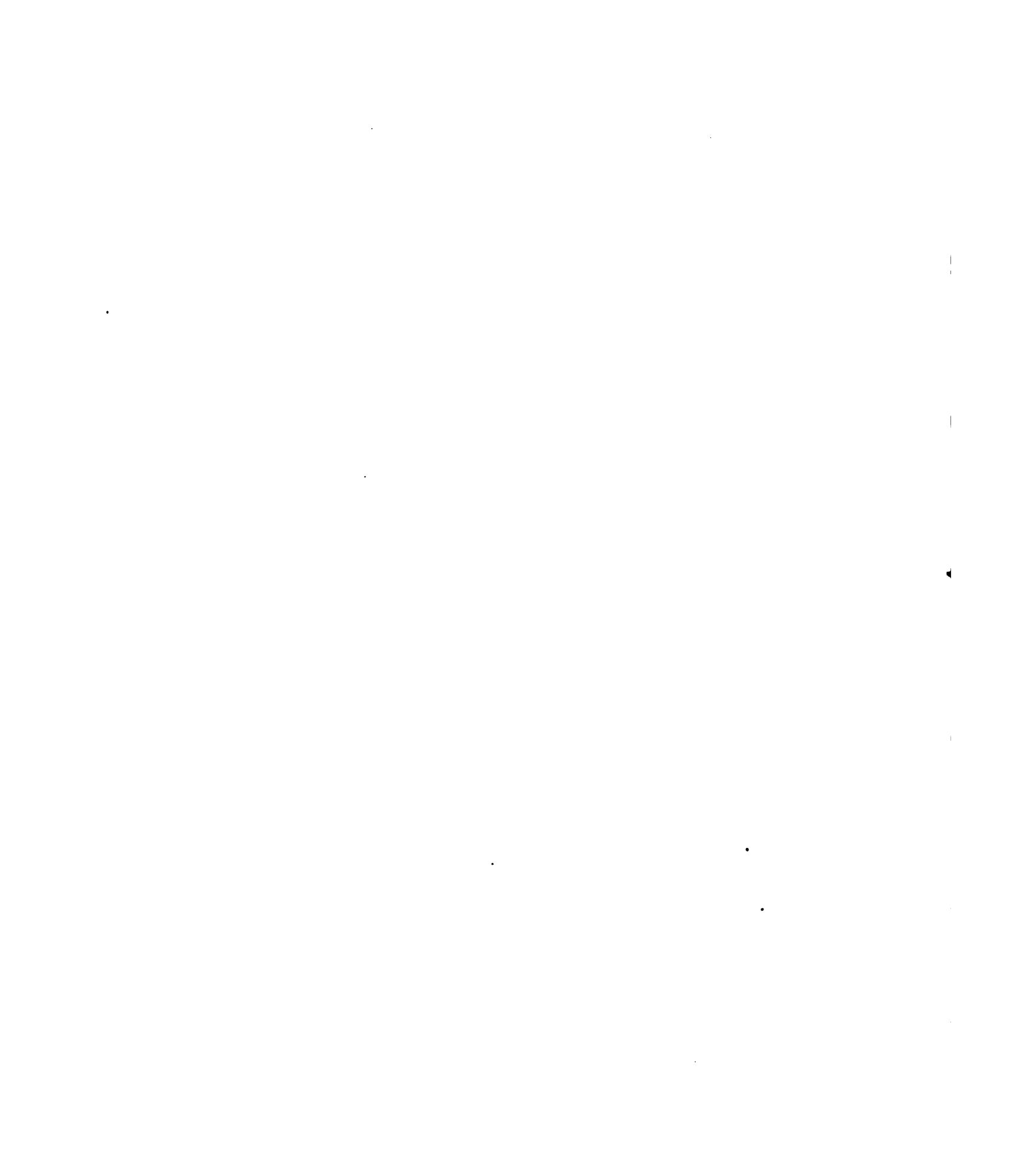
A lady sat there in the shade,
Her baby on her knee;
Six other children round her play'd,
And, plying each a tiny spade,
Danc'd like the waves at sea.

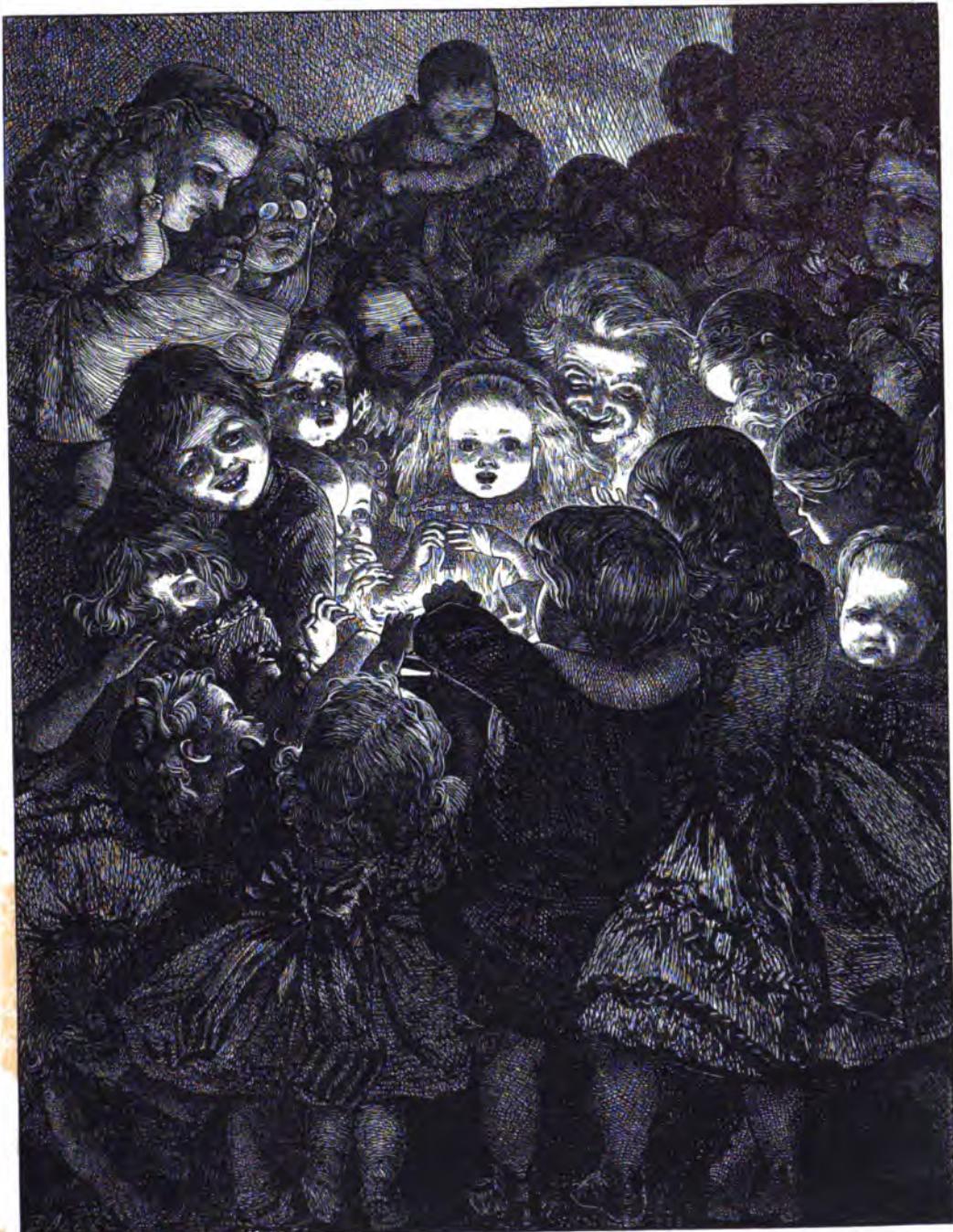
“ Die, Pilot! die! ” the children cried,
And clapp'd their little hands.
The dog, with eyes alert and wide,
(A well-train'd actor!) dropp'd and died,
While they piled up the sand.

Alas! how strange it was to see
The children in their mirth
Foreshadowing sorrows yet to be,
And mocking, in their childish glee,
The saddest toil of earth!

“ Ah, me! ” thought I, “ how springtime flies,
And troubles come with years!
How all these smiles must end in sighs,
And all the sunshine of those eyes
Some day be turn'd to tears! ”

Amelia B. Edwards.





XXVII.

S N A P D R A G O N.

Ay! hands in leaping flame,
Faces lit with pleasure,
Tongues in loud acclaim
Vaunting well-won treasure;

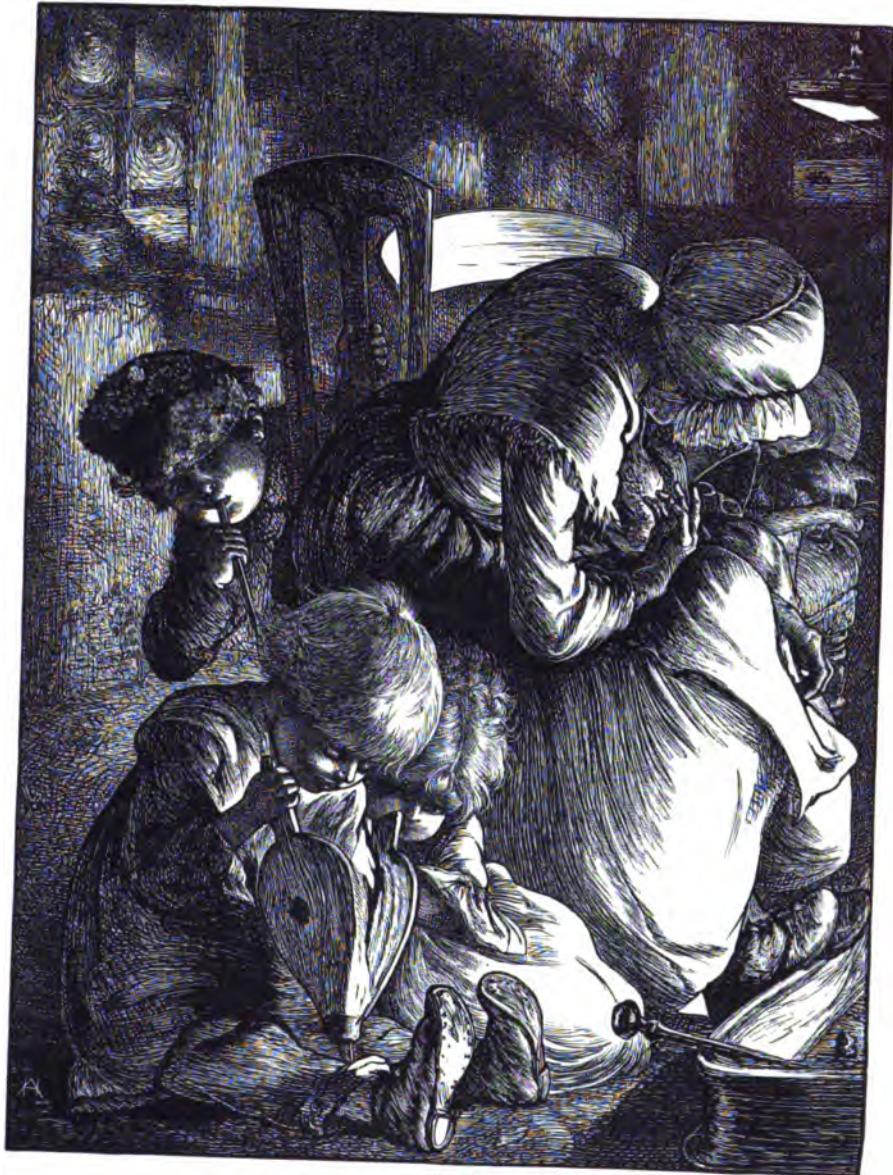
Fire attack'd unflinching,
Peril lightly held,
Spirit never quenching,
Courage never quell'd;

Scorn of passing pain,
Grasping at the spoil—
Hope of sugar'd gain
Recompensing toil.

Thus, in far-off contests,
Flames must be assail'd;
Thus, for golden conquests,
Danger must be hail'd.

So, Life's hill ascending,
To Fortitude aspire;
Since pains with bliss are blending,
And sweets are reach'd thro' fire.

Jennett Humphreys.



GRANDMOTHER NODDING.

GRANDMOTHEE's nodding, and while she is taking
An afternoon slumber, the children are breaking
 Open the bellows ; 't is only to find
Out where the wind lives ; oh, when you are waking,
 Will you be angry, Granny, and scold
Over the loss of your bellows old ?
 Or be proud of your children's march of mind ?
Hark ! do you hear the noise they are making ?

Grandmother's nodding : the earth has grown old ;
 We see she is grey, we feel her shaking ;
All her strong secrets that she has hidden
 Away from her children, they snatch unbidden,
 While she is sleeping—what locks are breaking,
 What coffers are rifled ! Oh, when you are waking,
 Will you be angry, Granny, and scold ?
Or be pleased with the change of your children's making ?

Dora Greenwell.



THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF
CHILDHOOD.

Do you remember, brother mine,
That quaint old farmhouse on the Tyne
Where you and I were born—
The gabled roof, the gilded vanes,
The windows with their diamond panes
That glitter'd to the morn ?

And do you recollect the hill
Behind the house ? I see it still,
All dotted o'er with sheep ;
And, farther off, the solemn woods
Above whose leafy solitudes
Arose the castle keep.

We thought an ogre gaunt and grim
Who long'd to tear us limb from limb,
Dwelt in that ruin'd tow'r ;
And bitterly we us'd to dread
The gloomy journey up to bed,
When came th' appointed hour.

Then all the giants killed by Jack
Lurk'd in the hall, and dragg'd us back,
Outside the parlour door—
Perchance, 'twas but my skirt had caught ;
But oh ! my horror when I thought
'T was clutch'd for evermore !

Such is life's fickleness ! The fears
Which cost our youth so many tears
Provoke our smiles to-day,
And tales which then were our delight
When read by day, became by night
Our torture and dismay !

Amelia B. Edwards.



AN ENCOUNTER.

INTREPID little hero ! Unappall'd
At Chanticleer !
By no demand of babyhood recall'd
To coward fear !

Adventuring the battle, resolute,
Defiant, bold ;
And hurling down thy challenge absolute
To right uphold !

Defiance to the hector-bird thy cry'st,
Warrior brave !
For passionate, stern victory thou sigh'st,
And wilt waive !

Bright augury of future years this high
Audacity !
True forecast of stout dauntlessness in thy
Tenacity !

Rich hope of lofty combatting I see
In thy proud eyes !
Fair dreams of dear and riskful gallantry
That never dies !

Oh boy ! But heed thy foe is worth thy aim !
But strike thy hand
If contests Honour would not dare to claim
Men should demand ;

But raise thy arm for Liberty, for right !
And on thy brow
Guileless simplicity will ever light
As clear as now !

Jennett Humphreys.



A SICK CHILD.

How the trembling children gather round,
Startled out of sleep, and scared and crying!
"Is our merry little sister dying?
Will they come and put her underground

"As they did poor baby that May day?
Or will shining angels stoop and take her
On their snow-white wings to heaven, and make her
Sit among the stars, as fair as they?"

"But she'll have no mother there to kiss!
We are sorely frightened," say the children,
"Thinking of this death, so strange, bewildering:
Tell us, only tell us what death is?"

Ah, we cannot, any more than you!
We are also children of our Father;
And we only know that he will gather
All His own, and keep them safely too.

So this death as sweet as sleep is made:
For where 'er we go, we go together,
Father, mother, children—He knows whither.
Since He takes us, we are not afraid.

Whether little sister lives or dies,
Mother knows her safe, and stills all weeping:
Christ, who once said "Lazarus is *sleeping*,"
Will awake us all in Paradise.

The Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."



G U E S S I N G.

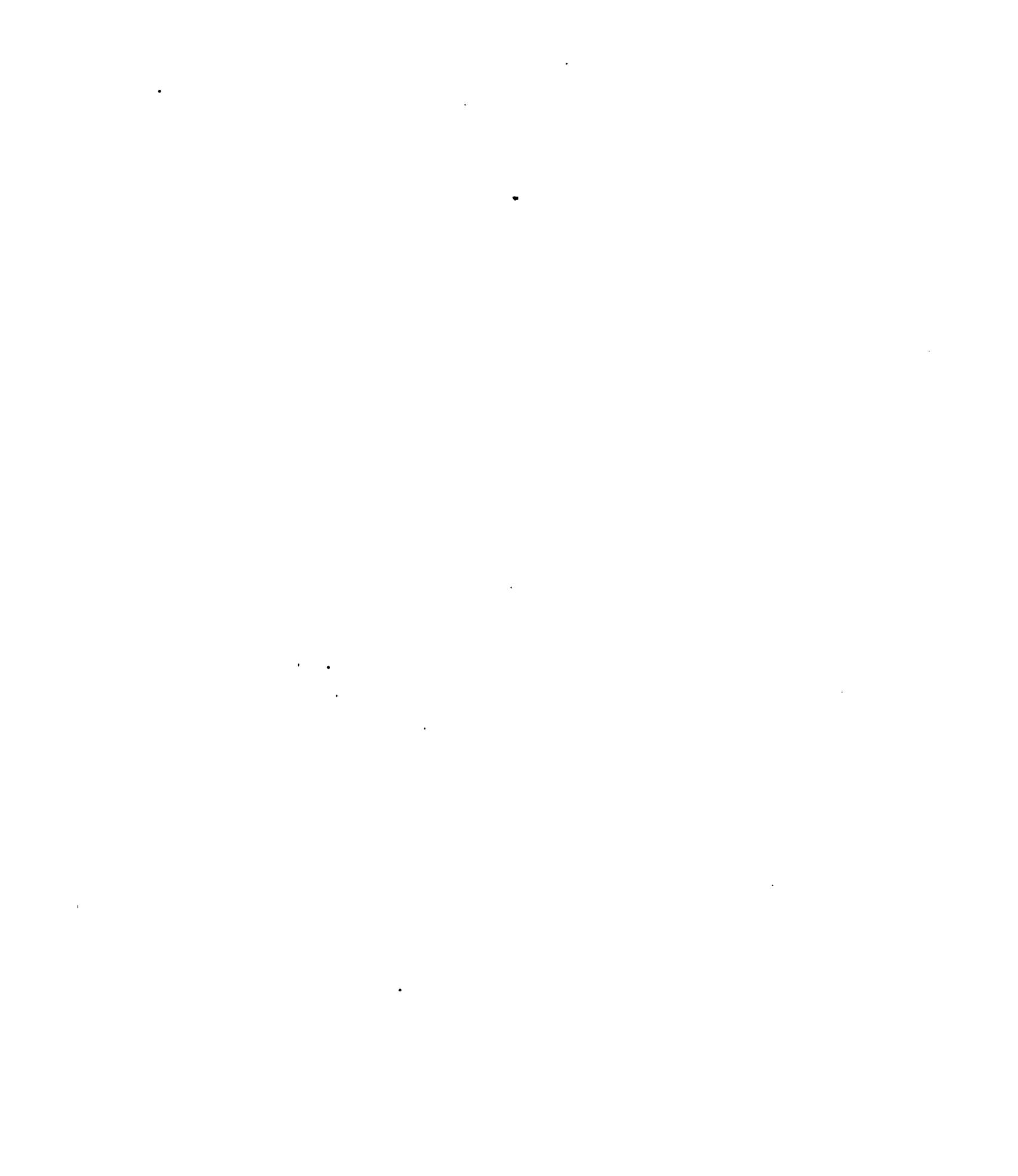
CHILDHOOD is the time for guessing !
Every morning brings unbidden
Some sweet gift half shown, half hidden ;
Some kind promise seldom broken,
Some bright wondrous fairy token.

 Oh, what stores are thine of blessing !
 Oh, what joy is thine in guessing
At the hiding, at the showing
 Of life's daily miracle !
Secrets in the wild rose blowing !
 Shut within the cowslip's bell !

Youth ! thou art the time for guessing !
 Life before thine eager eyes
 Holds each day some gentle prize ;
And for thee, with fond caressing,
 Still prepares some bright surprise ;
Bids thee guess, and for thy pleasure
Hides 'mid flowers and leaves a treasure,
Gleaming golden ; and with " Follow,
 Follow," o'er the sun-lit hill
Lures thee, and through darkening hollow,
 With a heart untiring still.

Life, what bringest thou for guessing,
 In thy long, calm, after-day ?
Ever on our journey pressing,
 Known to us both end and way.
Thou no more with us wilt play
 At " hiding, seeking ! " Gone thy pleasure
 Wiles, with all thy cheating, teasing ;
Bring us now some steadfast blessing,
 Keep it firm within our hold,
For our hearts have done with guessing,
 And thy secrets all are told !

Dora Greenwell.





XXXIII.

CRADLE SONG.

HUSHIE, bee-bee,
Sit on my knee,
While I loosen the knot—
The sun is not set,
But my dainty pet
Must go to her cot.

She shall be wash'd,
She shall be hush'd,
And rock'd and sooth'd—
While the snowy sheet
And the pillow neat
Are folded and smooth'd.

No more overhead
Sounds the quick tread
Of pattering feet—
Pray is all done—
Little brother is gone
To his slumber sweet.

So for Baby, too,
There's nothing to do
But to go to sleep—
While the angels bright
Round her cradle white
Their watch will keep.

L. W. T.



GOING TO BED.

“ It is time to go to bed.”

Oh! how soon the words are spoken,
Oh! how sweet a spell is broken
When those words of fate are said—
“ It is time to go to bed.”

Is it time to go to bed ?

Surely bed awhile can wait
Till the pleasant tale is read
At our Father’s knee ; how cheery
Burns the fire ! we are not weary ;
Why should it be time for bed,
Just because the clock strikes eight ?

While they talk, let us be hiding
Just behind the great arm-chairs ;
It may be they will forget us,
It may be that they will let us
Stay to supper, stay to prayers ;
Go at last with them upstairs,
Hand in hand, with Father, Mother ;
Kisses given, and good-nights’ said,
’T will be time for Sister, Brother,
Time for Me to go to bed !

Dora Greenwell.



C R I P P L E D J A N E.

They said she might recover, if we sent her down to the sea,
But that is for rich men's children, and we knew it could not be :
So she lived at home in the Lincolnshire Fens, and we saw her, day by day,
Grow pale, and stunted, and crooked ; till her last chance died away.
And now *I'm* dying ; and often, when you thought that I moaned with pain,
I was moaning a prayer to heaven, and thinking of Crippled Jane.
Folks will be kind to Johnny ; his temper is merry and light ;
With so much love in his honest eyes, and a sturdy sense of right.
And no one could quarrel with Susan ; so pious, and meek, and mild,
And nearly as wise as a woman, for all she looks such a child !
But Jane will be weird and wayward ; fierce, and cunning, and hard ;
She won't believe she's a burden, be thankful, nor win regard.—
God have mercy upon her ! God be her guard, and guide ;
How will strangers bear with her, when, at times, even *I* felt tried ?
When the ugly smile of pleasure goes over her sallow face,
And the feeling of health, for an hour, quickens her languid pace ;
When with dwarfish strength she rises, and plucks, with a selfish hand,
The busiest person near her, to lead her out on the land :
Or when she sits in some corner ; no one's companion, or care,
Huddled up in some darksome passage, or crouched on a step of the stair ;
While far off the children are playing, and the birds singing loud in the sky,
And she looks through the cloud of her headache, to scowl at the passers-by.
I die—God have pity upon her !—how happy rich men must be !—
For they said she might have recovered—if we sent her down to the sea.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.



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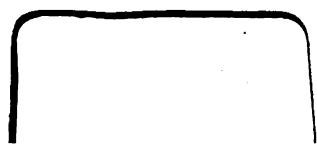
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THOUGHTS
AND HOME
SCENES

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